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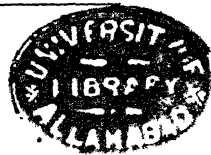
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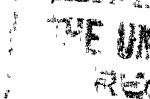
BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.

LATE REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

J. THORNTON, M.A.



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INTRODUCTION.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE was born on St. George's Day, the 23rd April, 1818. His father was at that time Rector of Dartington and Archdeacon of Totnes in Devonshire. Before Froude was three years of age his mother died. At the age of nine he was sent to a clergyman's school at Buckfastleigh, five miles up the river Dart, where he made extraordinary progress in the Classics. When he was eleven he went to Westminster School, but only remained there three years. At this period his health was delicate, and he was not fitted to cope with the rough life of a public school in 1830.

While at home from fifteen years of age to eighteen Froude acquired a love for several manly pursuits, such as riding, yachting and fishing. He also spent much time in his father's library, where by his wide reading he laid the foundations of his knowledge of literature and history.

In October, 1836, Froude went to Oxford, entering Oriel College, of which J. H. Newman was then a Fellow.

The Oxford movement, which had so profound an influence on the English Church, was at its height. Froude's elder brother Hurrell had been one of the foremost men in the movement and an intimate friend of Newman. Hurrell Froude died a few months before his brother James Anthony went up to Oxford, and Newman became intimately associated with the gifted younger brother of his friend and colleague. The influence of Newman at this time was paramount in

Oxford, and Froude naturally fell under the spell. For a time he was drawn into the High Church movement, and he contributed to the *Lives of the Saints*, published under Newman's auspices. But the bent of his mind was not in harmony with the movement, and even the influence of Newman could not retain his allegiance. He soon parted company with the Oxford High Church School, though he retained a personal affection for Newman throughout his life.

After taking his degree Froude became a Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, and was ordained deacon. Finding that his views were held to be unorthodox by the authorities of the College he resigned his fellowship, and subsequently retired from Holy Orders. But to the end of his life he remained a member of the English Church.

Froude thus sacrificed his means of living to his principles. Worse was to follow. His father determined to stop the allowance that he made him, so that he was absolutely penniless. At this moment he found a true friend in Charles Kingsley, who received him into his house at Ilfracombe. Here he became acquainted with Miss Charlotte Grenfell, Mrs. Kingsley's sister, and the acquaintanceship led to marriage. In 1850 he settled with his wife at Plas Gwynant, situated at the foot of Snowdon, between Capel Curig and Beddgelert. Froude now maintained himself largely by writing reviews and essays for magazines; and, as he wrote admirable English, his services were soon in great request. After a stay of some time in North Wales, he removed to his native county, taking a house first at Babbacombe and later at Bideford. Froude's literary work often led him to visit London, and here he became acquainted with many famous writers, in particular with Thomas Carlyle. On the death of his first wife in 1860 he removed to London, becoming in the same year editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. In 1861 he married his second wife, Miss Henrietta Warre.

The greater part of Froude's literary life was spent in London, and there he produced his most famous works. A series of fine essays mainly of an historical or philosophical character appeared at intervals in several magazines. Most of these were afterwards collected and issued in four volumes with the title *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. History, in fact, became his chief pursuit. "Froude was especially attracted by the age of Elizabeth, who admired her father as a monarch, whatever she may have thought of him as a man. It was an age of mighty dramatists, of divine poets, of statesmen wise and magnanimous, if not great, of seamen who made England, not Spain, the ruler of the seas."¹ One effect of this attraction was a careful study of the State papers, letters, manuscripts and chronicles of this period. In 1856 appeared the first two volumes of his greatest work, his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*. This work, which extended to twelve volumes, was not concluded until 1869. Its author believed that the Reformation was "the root and source of the expansive force which has spread the Anglo-Saxon race over the globe". As a consequence of this belief it has been said that Froude overpraises Henry VIII., Thomas Cromwell and others who assisted the movement, and blames unfairly some of its opponents. But Froude wrote history with a definite object, namely, to make known the truth as it appeared to him. He did not conceive that history consisted in a colourless narrative of events. He threw himself into the times and painted the men of the period as he found them. He laid bare what their motives appeared to him to be, after an unremitting study of crabbed sixteenth century documents in Spanish and other

¹ *The Life of Froude*, by Herbert Paul—a most interesting work, to which the writer is much indebted and which should be referred to for further details.

languages As the result of his research was given to the world in a clear and graceful style, which for beauty and for force has seldom been excelled, it is no matter for wonder that his work aroused the attention of a multitude of readers

In 1868 Froude was elected Rector of St. Andrews University, and during his year of office he delivered a striking address to the students on Education. *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (in three volumes) appeared in 1874. In 1875 Froude went out as a Royal Commissioner to South Africa. From 1881 to 1884 he was engaged on literary work on the papers of his old friend Thomas Carlyle, who had appointed him his literary executor. He published in 1881 *Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle*, and in 1883 the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. In 1882 he published *Thomas Carlyle : a History of the First Forty Years of his Life, 1795-1835*, in two volumes, and in 1884 *Thomas Carlyle : a History of his Life in London, 1834-1881*, also in two volumes. These works aroused a good deal of sharp criticism, as, in his endeavour to give faithful portraits of Carlyle and his wife, he was said to have revealed too much of the weaknesses and domestic troubles of his friends. But Carlyle had entrusted his papers to Froude because he knew that he could rely on his carrying out the trust faithfully, and no man would have resented more deeply than Carlyle the action of a biographer who by smoothing away roughnesses attempted to depict him as being other than he really was. Later, as a result of visits to Australia and the West Indies, there appeared *Oceana, or England and her Colonies* and *The English in the West Indies*. In 1892 Froude was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. His lectures there resulted in *The Life and Letters of Erasmus, English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century* and *The Council of Trent*. Froude died at Salcombe in his native county on the 20th October, 1894.

It has been said that Froude was in some respects an inaccurate writer. It is true that he had not the gift of microscopic accuracy in detail which some writers possess, who nevertheless do not possess Froude's wonderful power of giving a true and living picture of a character, a movement or an epoch. In a similar way the industrious grammarian may find in his works occasional lapses from the rules of syntax, but none the less Froude was one of the most brilliant writers in the whole range of English literature. Speaking of Froude's method of writing, Mr. Frederic Harrison said in an address to the Bodley Literary Society at Oxford: "Froude has style; pure, natural, correct and lucid. Simple, easy and elegant for all the ends of plain narrative, it can rise, at the need, into a fine glow, or thrill us with a splendid scene."

The selections here presented to the young student are taken from the volumes entitled *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. The notes at the end are confined to explanations of historic allusions and of some of the difficult words.

BECKET AT THE COUNCIL OF NORTHAMPTON.

IN the autumn of 1164 the king once more summoned a great council to meet him at Northampton Castle. The attendance was vast. Every peer and prelate not disabled was present, all feeling the greatness of the occasion. Castle, town, and monasteries were thronged to overflowing. Becket only had hesitated to appear. His attempt to escape to the continent was constructive treason. It was more than treason. It was a breach of a distinct promise. The storm which he had raised had unloosed the tongues of those who had to complain of ill-usage in his archbishop's court. The chancery accounts had been looked into, and vast sums were found to have been received by him of which no explanation had been given. Who was this man that he should throw the country into confusion, in the teeth of the bishops, in the teeth (as it seemed) of the pope, in the teeth of his own oath given solemnly to the king. The object of the Northampton council was to inquire into his conduct, and he had good reason to be alarmed at the probable consequences. He dared not, however, disobey a peremptory summons. He came, attended by a retinue of armed knights, and was entertained at St. Andrew's monastery. To anticipate inquiry into his attempted flight, he applied for permission on the day of his arrival to go to France to visit the pope. The king told him that he could not leave the realm until he had answered for a decree which had been given in his court. The case was referred to the assembled peers, and he was condemned and fined. It was a bad augury for him. Other

charges lay thick, ready to be produced. He was informed officially that he would be required to explain the chancery accounts, and answer for money which he had applied to his own purposes. His proud temper was chafed to the quick, and he turned sick with anger. His admirers see only in these demands the sinister action of a dishonest tyranny. Oblique accusations, it is said, were raised against him, either to make him bend or to destroy his character. The question is rather whether his conduct admitted of explanation. If he had been unjust as a judge, if he had been unscrupulous as a high officer of state, such faults had no unimportant bearing on his present attitude. He would have done wisely to clear himself if he could; and it is probable that he could not. He refused to answer, and he sheltered himself behind the release which he had received at his election. His refusal was not allowed; a second summons the next day found him in his bed, which he said that he was too ill to leave. This was on a Saturday. A respite was allowed him till the following Monday. On Monday the answer was the same. Messenger after messenger brought back word that the archbishop was unable to move. The excuse might be true—perhaps partially it was true. The king sent two great peers to ascertain, and in his choice of persons he gave a conclusive answer to the accusation of desiring to deal unfairly with Becket: one was Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, the king's uncle, who as long as Becket lived was the best friend that he had at the court; the other was the remarkable Robert, Earl of Leicester, named Bossu (the Hunchback). This Robert was a monk of Leicester Abbey, though he had a dispensation to remain at the court, and so bitter a Papist was he that when the schismatic Archbishop of Cologne came afterwards to London he publicly insulted him and tore down the altar at which he said mass. Such envoys would not have been selected with a sinister purpose. They found that the archbishop could attend if he wished, and they warned

him of the danger of trying the king too far. He pleaded for one more day. On the Tuesday morning he undertook to be present,

His knights had withdrawn from the monastery, not daring or not choosing to stand by a prelate who appeared 5 to be defying his sovereign. Their place had been taken by a swarm of mendicants, such as the archbishop had gathered about him at Canterbury. He prepared for the scene in which he was to play a part with the art of which he was so accomplished a master. He professed to expect to be killed 10 He rose early. Some of the bishops came to see and remonstrate with him: they could not move his resolution, and they retired. Left to himself, he said the mass of St. Stephen in which were the words. "The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel together against the 15 Lord and against his anointed". He then put on a black stole and cap, mounted his palfrey, and, followed by a few monks and surrounded by his guard of beggars, rode at a foot's pace to the castle, preceded by his cross-bearer.

The royal castle of Northampton was a feudal palace of 20 the usual form. A massive gateway led into a quadrangle; across the quadrangle was the entrance of the great hall, at the upper end of which doors opened into spacious chambers beyond. The archbishop alighted at the gate, himself took his cross in his right hand, and, followed by a small train, 25 passed through the quadrangle, and stalked up the hall, "looking like the lion-man of the prophet's vision". The king and the barons were in one chamber, the bishops in another. The archbishop was going in this attitude into the king's presence, that the court might see the person on whom 30 they dared to sit in judgment; but certain "Templars" warned him to beware. He entered among his brethren, and moved through them to a chair at the upper end of the room

He still held his cross. The action was unusual: the 35

cross was the spiritual sword, and to bear it thus conspicuously in a deliberative assembly was as if a baron had entered the council in arms. The mass of St. Stephen had been heard of, and in the peculiar temper of men's minds was regarded as a magical incantation. The Bishop of Hereford 5 advanced and offered to carry the cross for him. Foliot of London (*filius hujus sæculi*, "a son of this world") said that if he came thus armed into the court the king would draw a sharper sword, and he would see then what his arms would avail him. Seeing him still obstinate, Foliot tried to force 10 the cross out of his hands. The Archbishop of York added his persuasions, but the Archbishop of York peculiarly irritated Becket, and was silenced by a violent answer. "Fool thou hast ever been," said the Bishop of London to Becket, "and from thy folly I see plainly thou wilt not de- 15 part." Cries burst out on all sides. "Fly!" some one whispered to him; "fly, or you are a dead man." The Bishop of Exeter came in at the moment, and exclaimed that unless the archbishop gave way they would all be murdered. Becket never showed to more advantage than in 20 moments of personal danger. He collected himself. He saw that he was alone. He stood up, he appealed to the pope, charged the bishops on peril of their souls to excommunicate any one who dared to lay hands on him, and he moved as if he intended to withdraw. The Bishop of Win- 25 chester bade him resign the archbishopric. With an elaborate oath (*cum interminabili juratione*) he swore that he would not resign. The Bishop of Chichester then said: "As our primate we were bound to obey you, but you are our primate no longer; you have broken your oath. You swore allegi- 30 ance to the king, and you subvert the common law of the realm. We too appeal to the pope. To his presence we summon you." "I hear what you say," was all the answer which Becket deigned to return.

The doors from the adjoining chamber were now flung 35

open. The old Earl of Cornwall, the hunchback Leicester, and a number of barons entered. "My lord," said the Earl of Leicester to the archbishop, "the king requires you to come to his presence and answer to certain things which will then be alleged against you, as you promised yesterday to do." "My lord earl," said Becket, "thou knowest how long and loyally I served the king in his worldly affairs. For that cause it pleased him to promote me to the office which now I hold. I did not desire this office; I knew my infirmities. When I consented it was for the sake of the king alone. When I was elected I was formally acquitted of my responsibilities for all that I had done as chancellor. Therefore I am not bound to answer, and I will not answer."

The reply was carried back. The peers by a swift vote declared that the archbishop must be arrested and placed under guard. The earls re-entered, and Leicester approached him and began slowly and reluctantly to announce the sentence. "Nay," said Becket, lifting his tall meagre figure to its haughtiest height, "do thou first listen to me. The child may not judge his father. The king may not judge me, nor may you judge me. I will be judged under God by the pope alone, to whom in your presence I appeal. I forbid you under anathema to pronounce your sentence. And you, my brethren," he said, turning to the bishops, "since you will obey man rather than God, I call you too before the same judgment-seat. Under the protection of the Apostolic See, I depart hence."

No hand was raised to stop him. He swept through the chamber and flung open the door of the hall. He stumbled on the threshold, and had almost fallen, but recovered himself. The October afternoon was growing into twilight. The hall was thronged with the retinues of the king and the barons. Dinner was over. The floor was littered with rushes and fragments of rolls and broken meat. Draughts of ale had not been wanting, and young knights, pages, and retainers were

either lounging on the benches or talking in eager and excited groups. As Becket appeared among them, fierce voices were heard crying "Traitor! traitor! Stop the traitor!" Among the loudest were Count Hamelin, the king's illegitimate brother, and Sir Ranulf de Broc, one of the Canterbury knights. 5 Like a bold animal at bay, Becket turned sharply on these two. He called Count Hamelin a bastard boy. He reminded De Broc of some near kinsman of his who had been hanged. The cries rose into a roar; sticks and knots of straw were flung at him. Another rash word, and he might have been 10 torn in pieces. Some high official hearing the noise came in and conducted him safely to the door.

In the quadrangle he found his servants waiting with his palfrey, the great gate was locked, but the key was hanging on the wall; one of them took it and opened the gate, the 15 porters looking on, but not interfering. Once outside he was received with a cheer of delight from the crowd, and with a mob of people about him he made his way back to the monastery. The king had not intended to arrest him, but he could not know this, and he was undoubtedly in danger 20 from one or another of the angry men with whom the town was crowded. He prepared for immediate flight. A bed was made for him in the chapel behind the altar. After a hasty supper with a party of beggars whom he had introduced into the house, he lay down for a few hours of rest. At two in 25 the morning, in a storm of wind and rain, he stole away disguised with two of the brethren. He reached Lincoln soon after daybreak, and from Lincoln, going by cross-paths, and slipping from hiding-place to hiding-place, he made his way in a fortnight to a farm of his own at Eastry, near Sandwich. 30 He was not pursued. It was no sooner known that he was gone from Northampton than a proclamation was sent through the country forbidding every man under pain of death to meddle with him or to touch his property. The king had determined to allow the appeal, and once more to place the 35

whole question in the pope's hand. The Earl of Arundel with a dozen peers and bishops was dispatched at once to Sens to explain what had happened, and to request Alexander to send legates to England to investigate the quarrel and to end it. The archbishop, could he have consented to be quiet, 5 might have remained unmolested at Canterbury till the result could be ascertained. But he knew too well the forces which would be at work in the papal court to wait for its verdict. His confidence was only in himself. Could he see the pope in person, he thought that he could influence him. He was 10 sure of the friendship of Lewis of France, who was meditating a fresh quarrel with Henry, and would welcome his support. His own spiritual weapons would be as effective across the Channel as if used in England, while he would himself be in personal security. One dark night he went down with his 15 two companions into Sandwich, and in an open boat he crossed safely to Gravelines. At St. Omer he fell in with his old friend the Justiciary de Luci, who was returning from a mission to the court of France. De Luci urged him to go back to England and wait for the pope's decision, warning him of 20 the consequences of persisting in a course which was really treasonable, and undertaking that the king would forgive him if he would return at once. Entreaties and warnings were alike thrown away. He remained and dispatched a letter to the pope, saying briefly that he had followed the example of 25 his Holiness in resisting the encroachments of princes, and had fled from his country. He had been called in answer before the king as if he had been a mere layman. The bishops, who ought to have stood by him, had behaved like cowards. If he was not sustained by his Holiness, the Church would be 30 ruined, and he would himself be doubly confounded.

THE MURDER OF BECKET.

AMONG the gentlemen about his person whom Henry had intended to employ, could he have resolved upon the instructions which were to be given to them, were four knights of high birth and large estate—Sir Reginald Fitzurse, of Somersetshire, a tenant in chief of the Crown, whom Becket 5 himself had originally introduced into the court; Sir Hugh de Morville, custodian of Knaresborough Castle, and justiciary of Northumberland; Sir William de Tracy, half a Saxon, with royal blood in him; and Sir Richard le Breton, who had been moved to volunteer in the service by another instance of 10 Becket's dangerous meddling. Le Breton was a friend of the king's brother William, whom the archbishop had separated from the lady to whom he was about to be married on some plea of consanguinity. Sir William de Mandeville and others were to have been joined in the commission. But these four 15 chose to anticipate both their companions and their final orders, and started alone. Their disappearance was observed. An express was sent to recall them, and the king supposed that they had returned. But they had gone by separate routes to separate ports. The weather was fair for the season 20 of the year, with an east wind perhaps; and each had found a vessel without difficulty to carry him across the Channel. The rendezvous was Sir Ranulf de Broc's castle of Saltwood, near Hythe, thirteen miles from Canterbury.

The archbishop meanwhile had returned from his adventurous expedition. The young king and his advisers had determined to leave him no fair cause of complaint, and had

sent orders for the restoration of his wine and the release of the captured seamen ; but the archbishop would not wait for the State to do him justice. On Christmas Eve he was further exasperated by the appearance at the gate of his palace of one



THOMAS BECKET From an old print.

of his sumpter mules, which had been brutally mutilated by Sir 5
Ranulf de Broc's kinsman Robert. "The viper's brood," as
Herbert de Bosham said, "were lifting up their heads. The

hornets were out Bulls of Bashan compassed the archbishop round about " The Earl of Cornwall's warning had reached him, but "fight, not flight," was alone in his thoughts. He, too, was probably weary of the strife, and may have felt that he would serve his cause more effectually by death than by 5 life. On Christmas day he preached in the cathedral on the text "Peace to men of good will". There was no peace, he said, except to men of good will. He spoke passionately of the trials of the Church. As he drew towards an end he alluded to the possibility of his own martyrdom. He could 10 scarcely articulate for tears. The congregation were sobbing round him. Suddenly his face altered, his tone changed. Glowing with anger, with the fatal candles in front of him, and in a voice of thunder, the solemn and the absurd strangely blended in the overwhelming sense of his own wrongs, he 15 cursed the intruders into his churches; he cursed Sir Ranulf de Broc; he cursed Robert de Broc for cutting off his mule's tail; he cursed by name several of the old king's most intimate councillors who were at the court in Normandy. At each fierce imprecation he quenched a light, and dashed down a 20 candle. "As he spoke," says the enthusiastic Herbert, repeating the figure under which he had described his master's appearance at Northampton, "you saw the very beast of the prophet's vision, with the face of a lion and the face of a man." He had drawn the spiritual sword, as he had sworn 25 that he would. So experienced a man of the world could not have failed to foresee that he was provoking passions which would no longer respect his office, and that no rising in England would now be in time to save him. He was in better spirits, it was observed, after he had discharged his anathema. 30 The Christmas festival was held in the hall. Asceticism was a virtue which was never easy to him. He indulged his natural inclinations at all permitted times, and on this occasion he ate and drank more copiously than usual.

The next day Becket received another warning that he was 35

in personal danger. He needed no friends to tell him that. The only attention which he paid to these messages was to send his secretary Herbert and his cross-bearer Alexander Llewellyn to France, to report his situation to Lewis and to the Archbishop of Sens. He told Herbert at parting that he would see his face no more. 5

So passed at Canterbury Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 26th, 27th, 28th of December. On that same Monday afternoon the four knights arrived at Saltwood. They were expected, for Sir Ranulf with a party of men-at-arms had gone to meet them. There on their arrival they learned the fresh excommunications which had been pronounced against their host and against their friends at the court. The news could only have confirmed whatever resolutions they had formed. 15

On the morning of the 29th they rode with an escort of horse along the old Roman road to Canterbury. They halted at St. Augustine's Monastery, where they were entertained by the abbot elect, Becket's old enemy, the scandalous Clarembald. They perhaps dined there. At any rate they issued a proclamation bidding the inhabitants remain quiet in their houses in the king's name, and then, with some of Clarembald's armed servants in addition to their own party, they went on to the great gate of the archbishop's palace. Leaving their men outside, the four knights alighted and entered the court. They unbuckled their swords, leaving them at the lodge, and, throwing gowns over their armour, they strode across to the door of the hall. Their appearance could hardly have been unexpected. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. They had been some time in the town, and their arrival could not fail to have been reported. The archbishop's midday meal was over. The servants were dining on the remains, and the usual company of mendicants were waiting for their turn. The archbishop had been again disturbed at daybreak by intimation of danger. He had advised any of 35

his clergy who were afraid to escape to Sandwich; but none of them had left him. He had heard mass as usual. He had received his customary floggings. At dinner, he observed, when some one remarked on his drinking, ~~that~~ a man that 5 had blood to lose needed wine to support him. Afterwards he had retired into an inner room with John of Salisbury, his chaplain Fitzstephen, Edward Grim of Cambridge, who was on a visit to him, and several others, and was now sitting in conversation with them in the declining light of the winter afternoon till the bell should ring for vespers. 10

The knights were recognised, when they entered the hall, as belonging to the old king's court. The steward invited them to eat. They declined, and desired him to inform the archbishop that they had arrived with a message from the court. This was the first communication which the archbishop 15 had received from Henry since he had used his name so freely to cover acts which, could Henry have anticipated them, would have barred his return to Canterbury for ever. The insincere professions of peace had covered an intention of provoking a rebellion. The truth was now plain. There was no room 20 any more for excuse or palliation. What course had the king determined on?

The knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next him. He himself was sitting 25 on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated themselves in the same manner, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Becket's black restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, 30 which ended with "God help you!" To Becket's friends the words sounded like insolence. They may have meant no more than pity.

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on: "We bring you the commands of the king beyond the sea; will you hear us 35

in public or in private?" Becket said he cared not. "In private, then," said Fitzurse. The monks thought afterwards that Fitzurse had meant to kill the archbishop where he sat. If the knights had entered the palace, thronged as it was with men, with any such intention, they would scarcely have left 5 their swords behind them. The room was cleared, and a short altercation followed, of which nothing is known save that it ended speedily in high words on both sides. Becket called in his clergy again, his lay servants being excluded, and bade Fitzurse go on. "Be it so," Sir Reginald said. "Listen 10 then to what the king says. When the peace was made, he put aside all his complaints against you. He allowed you to return, as you desired, free to your see. You have now added contempt to your other offences. You have broken the treaty. Your pride has tempted you to defy your lord and master to 15 your own sorrow. You have censured the bishops by whose ministration the prince was crowned. You have pronounced an anathema against the king's ministers, by whose advice he is guided in the management of the Empire. You have made it plain that if you could you would take the prince's crown 20 from him. Your plots and contrivances to attain your ends are notorious to all men. Say, then, will you attend us to the king's presence, and there answer for yourself? For this we are sent."

The archbishop declared that he had never wished any hurt 25 to the prince. The king had no occasion to be displeased if crowds came about him in the towns and cities after they had been so long deprived of his presence. If he had done any wrong he would make satisfaction, but he protested against being suspected of intentions which had never entered his 30 mind.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued: "The king commands further that you and your clerks repair without delay to the young king's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults". 35

The archbishop's temper was rising. "I will do whatever may be reasonable," he said; "but I tell you plainly the king shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves.¹ I 5 will absolve the rest when He permits."

"I understand you to say that you will not obey," said Fitzurse; and went on in the same tone: "The king commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission (*absque licentia sua*)."
10

"The pope sentenced the bishops," the archbishop said. "If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine."

Fitzurse said it had been done at his instigation, which he did not deny; but he proceeded to reassert that the king had 15 given him permission. He had complained at the time of the peace of the injury which he had suffered in the coronation, and the king had told him that he might obtain from the pope any satisfaction for which he liked to ask.

If this was all the consent which the king had given, the 20 pretence of his authority was inexcusable. "Ay, ay!" said Fitzurse; "will you make the king out to be a traitor, then? The king gave you leave to excommunicate the bishops when they were acting by his own order! It is more than we can bear to listen to such monstrous accusations."
25

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue, and whispered to him to speak to the knights in private; but when the passion was on him, no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him: "Since you refuse to do any one of those 30 things which the king requires of you, his final commands are that you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this

¹ He was alluding to the bishops who had sworn to the Constitutions of Clarendon.

realm and out of his dominions, never more to return. You have broken the peace, and the king cannot trust you again "

Becket answered wildly that he would not go—never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him from his Church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, 5 he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries. He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine. Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail, and now the knights had come to menace him. 10

De Morville said that if he had suffered any wrong he had only to appeal to the council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the council's justice. "I have complained enough," he said, "so many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find messengers to carry the 15 tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me."

"You will lay the realm under interdict then, and excom- 20 municate the whole of us?" said Fitzurse.

"So God help me," said one of the others, "he shall not do that. He has excommunicated over-many already. We have borne too long with him."

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and 25 swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights moved to leave the room, and, addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, "In the king's name we command you to see that this man does not escape". 30

"Do you think I shall fly, then?" cried the archbishop. "Neither for the king nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die. . . . Here you will find me," he shouted, following them to the door as they went out, and calling after them. Some of his friends 35

thought that he had asked De Morville to come back and speak quietly with him, but it was not so. He returned to his seat still excited and complaining.

"My lord," said John of Salisbury to him, "it is strange that you will never be advised. What occasion was there 5 for you to go after these men and exasperate them with your bitter speeches? You would have done better surely by being quiet and giving them a milder answer. They mean no good, and you only commit yourself."

The archbishop sighed, and said, "I have done with advice. 10 I know what I have before me."

It must have been now past four o'clock; and unless there were lights the room was almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an anteroom, beyond the anteroom the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the 15 quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside with orders to allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral 20 tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. "Who cares? Let them arm," was all that the archbishop said. His clergy were less indif- 25 ferent. If the archbishop was ready for death, they were not. The door from the hall into the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood, or to De Morville's castle at 30 Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the anteroom between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into a garden. 35

Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dusk. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were upon them. 5 There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room, first went into the hall to open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the north-west corner of the cloister, and from 10 the cloister there was a way into the north transept of the cathedral. The cry was, "To the church. To the church." There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear, 15 or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been 20 forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately up the cloister to the church door. As he entered the cathedral cries were heard from which it became plain 25 that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned, in the twilight, coming through the cloister in their armour, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A 30 company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which 35

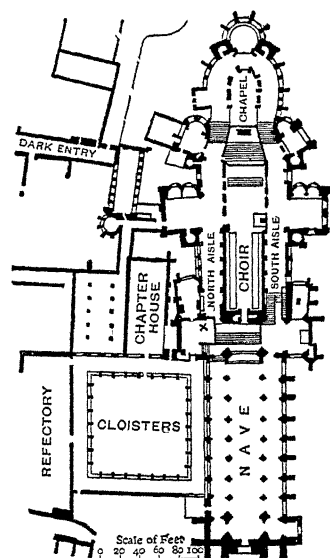
were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running parallel to the nave, was a lady chapel. Behind the pillar, steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps 5 have been burning before the altars in the two chapels—of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been scarcely any. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud 10 voice. "Out of the way, you cowards! The Church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back and reopened the door with his own hands, to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary, in the 15 crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends, William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself, forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain, 20 Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton, his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from Cambridge—or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were 25 breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir when the knights came in. 30 The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc and Hugh Mauclerc, an apostate priest, remained at the door by which they 35

entered. A voice cried "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him.

"Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the 10 suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not." "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said. 15

They had not meant to kill him—certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of 20 his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man". There was still time; with few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the 25 cathedral, and could have concealed himself in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he



X Place where St. Thomas was slain.

PLAN OF CHRIST CHURCH, CANTERBURY.

felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. 30 "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me." The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there 35

was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized hold of the archbishop, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, Reginald!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse 5 grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. He reproached Fitzurse for ingratitude for past kindness; Fitzurse whispered to him again to fly. 10 "I will not fly," he said, and then Fitzurse swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The 15 sword, with its remaining force, wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for His Church". These were his last words. Tracy 20 again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William". De Broc or Mauclerc—the needless ferocity was attributed to 25 both of them—strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are 30 still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? Even in that supreme moment of terror and 35

wonder, opinions were divided among his own monks. That very night Grim heard one of them say, "He is no martyr, he is justly served". Another said, scarcely feeling perhaps the meaning of the words, "He wished to be king, and more than king. Let him be king, let him be king." 5 Whether the cause for which he died was to prevail, or whether the sacrifice had been in vain, hung on the answer which would be given to this momentous question. In a few days or weeks an answer came in a form to which in that age no rejoinder was possible, and the only uncer-10 tainty which remained at Canterbury was whether it was lawful to use the ordinary prayers for the repose of the dead man's soul, or whether, in consequence of the astounding miracles which were instantly worked by his remains, the pope's judgment ought not to be anticipated, and the arch-15 bishop be at once adored as a saint in heaven.

A BISHOP OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

To the sceptical student of the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical biographies of mediæval Europe are for the most part unprofitable studies. The writers of them were generally monks. The object for which they were composed was either the edification of the brethren of the convent, or the glorifying of its founder or benefactor. The Holy See in considering a claim to canonisation disregarded the ordinary details of character and conduct. It dwelt exclusively on the exceptional and the wonderful, and the noblest of lives possessed but little interest for it unless accompanied by evidences of miracles, performed directly by the candidate while on earth or by his relics after his departure. Instead of pictures of real men the biographers present us with glorified images of what, in their opinion, the Church heroes ought to have been. St. Cuthbert becomes as legendary as Theseus, and the authentic figure is swathed in an embroidered envelope of legends through which usually no trace of the genuine lineaments is allowed to penetrate. 5 10 15

It happens however, occasionally, that in the midst of the imaginative rubbish which has thus come down to us, we encounter something of a character entirely different. We find ourselves in the hands of writers who themselves saw what they describe, who knew as well as we know the distinction between truth and falsehood, and who could notice and appreciate genuine human qualities. Amidst the obscure forms of mediæval history we are brought face to face with authentic flesh and blood, and we are able to see in clear sunlight the 20 25

sort of person who, in those ages, was considered especially admirable, and, alive or dead, was held up to the reverence of mankind. To one of these I propose in the present article to draw some brief attention. It is the life of St. Hugo of Avalon, a monk of the Grande Chartreuse, who was invited by Henry 5 II. into England, became Bishop of Lincoln, and was the designer, and in part builder, of Lincoln Cathedral. The biographer was his chaplain and constant companion—Brother Adam—a monk like himself, though of another order, who became afterwards Abbot of Ensham; and having learnt, 10 perhaps from the bishop himself, the detestableness of lying, has executed his task with simple and scrupulous fidelity. The readers whose interests he was considering were, as usual, the inmates of convents. He omits, as he himself tells us, many of the outer and more secular incidents of the bishop's 15 life, as unsuited to his audience. We have glimpses of kings, courts, and great councils, with other high matters of national moment. The years which the bishop spent in England were rich in events. There was the conquest of Ireland; there were Welsh and French wars; the long struggle of Henry II. 20 and his sons; and, when Henry passed away, there was the Grand Crusade. Then followed the captivity of Cœur de Lion and the treachery of John; and Hugo's work, it is easy to see, was not confined to the management of his diocese. On all this, however, Abbot Adam observes entire silence, not 25 considering our curiosity, but the concerns of the souls of his own monks, whom he would not distract by too lively representations of the world which they had abandoned.

The book however, as it stands, is so rare a treasure that we will waste no time in describing what it is not. Within 30 its own compass it contains the most vivid picture which has come down to us of England as it then was, and of the first Plantagenet kings.

Bishop Hugo came into the world in the mountainous country near Grenoble, on the borders of Savoy. Abbot Adam 35

dwells with a certain pride upon his patron's parentage. He tells us indeed, sententiously, that it is better to be noble in morals than to be noble in blood—that to be born undistinguished is a less misfortune than to live so—but he regards a noble family only as an honourable setting for a nature which was noble in itself. The bishop was one of three children of a Lord of Avalon, and was born in a castle near Pontcharra. His mother died when he was eight years old; and his father having lost the chief interest which bound him to life, divided his estates between his two other sons, and withdrew with the little one into an adjoining monastery. There was a college attached to it, where the children of many of the neighbouring barons were educated. Hugo, however, was from the first designed for a religious life, and mixed little with the other boys. "You, my little fellow," his tutor said to him, "I am bringing up for Christ: you must not learn to play or trifle." The old Lord became a monk. Hugo grew up beside him in the convent, waiting on him as he became infirm, and smoothing the downward road; and meanwhile learning whatever of knowledge and practical piety his preceptors were able to provide. The life, it is likely, was not wanting in austerity, but the comparatively easy rule did not satisfy Hugo's aspirations. The theory of "religion," as the conventual system in all its forms was termed, was the conquest of self, the reduction of the entire nature to the control of the better part of it; and as the seat of self lay in the body, as temptation to do wrong, then as always, lay, directly or indirectly, in the desire for some bodily indulgence, or the dread of some bodily pain, the method pursued was the inuring of the body to the hardest fare, and the producing indifference to cold, hunger, pain, or any other calamity which the chances of life could inflict upon it. Men so trained could play their part in life, whether high or low, with wonderful advantage. Wealth had no attraction for them. The world could give them nothing which they had learnt to desire, and take nothing from them

which they cared to lose. The orders, however, differed in severity; and at this time the highest discipline, moral and bodily, was to be found only among the Carthusians. An incidental visit with the prior of his own convent to the Grande Chartreuse, determined Hugo to seek admission into this extraordinary society. 5

It was no light thing which he was undertaking. The majestic situation of the Grande Chartreuse itself, the loneliness, the seclusion, the atmosphere of sanctity, which hung around it, the mysterious beings who had made their home 10 there, fascinated his imagination. A stern old monk, to whom he first communicated his intention, supposing that he was led away by a passing fancy, looked grimly at his pale face and delicate limbs, and roughly told him that he was a fool. "Young man," the monk said to him, "the men who inhabit 15 these rocks are hard as the rocks themselves. They have no mercy on their own bodies and none on others. The dress will scrape the flesh from your bones. The discipline will tear the bones themselves out of such frail limbs as yours."

The Carthusians combined in themselves the severities of 20 the hermits and of the regular orders. Each member of the fraternity lived in his solitary cell in the rock, meeting his companions only in the chapel, or for instruction, or for the business of the house. They ate no meat. A loaf of bread was given to every brother on Sunday morning at the 25 refectory door, which was to last him through the week. An occasional mess of gruel was all that was allowed in addition. His bedding was a horse-cloth, a pillow and a skin. His dress was a horse-hair shirt, covered *outside* with linen, which was worn night and day, and the white cloak of the order, 30 generally a sheepskin, and unlined—all else was bare. He was bound by vows of the strictest obedience. The order had business in all parts of the world. Now some captive was to be rescued from the Moors; now some earl or king had been treading on the Church's privileges; a brother 35

was chosen to interpose in the name of the Chartreuse : he received his credentials and had to depart on the instant, with no furniture but his stick, to walk, it might be, to the farthest corner of Europe.

A singular instance of the kind occurs incidentally in the present narrative. A certain brother Einard, who came ultimately to England, had been sent to Spain, to Granada, to Africa itself. Returning through Provence he fell in with some of the Albigenses, who spoke slightly of the sacraments. The hard Carthusian saw but one course to follow with men he deemed rebels to his Lord. He was the first to urge the crusade which ended in their destruction. He roused the nearest orthodox nobles to arms, and Hugo's biographer tells delightedly how the first invasions were followed up by others on a larger scale, and "the brute and pestilent race, unworthy of the name of men, were cut away by the toil of the faithful, and by God's mercy destroyed".

"Pitiless to themselves," as the old monk said, "they had no pity on any other man," as Einard afterwards was himself to feel. Even Hugo at times disapproved of their extreme severity. "God," he said, alluding to some cruel action of the society, "God tempers His anger with compassion. When he drove Adam from Paradise, He at least gave him a coat of skins : man knows not what mercy means."

Einard, after this Albigenian affair, was ordered in the midst of a bitter winter to repair to Denmark. He was a very aged man—a hundred years old, his brother monks believed—broken at any rate with age and toil. He shrank from the journey, he begged to be spared, and when the command was persisted in, he refused obedience. He was instantly expelled. Half-clad, amidst the ice and snow, he wandered from one religious house to another. In all he was refused admission. At last, one bitter frosty night he appeared penitent at the gate of the Chartreuse, and prayed to be forgiven. The porter was forbidden to open to him till

morning, but left the old man to shiver in the snow through the darkness.

"By my troth, brother," Einard said the next day to him, "had you been a bean last night, between my teeth, they would have chopped you to pieces in spite of me." 5

Such were the monks of the Chartreuse, among whom the son of the Avalon noble desired to be enrolled, as the highest favour which could be shown him upon earth. His petition was entertained. He was allowed to enlist in the spiritual army, in which he rapidly distinguished himself; and at the 10 end of twenty years he had acquired a name through France as the ablest member of the world-famed fraternity.

It was at this time, somewhere in 1174, that Henry II. conceived the notion of introducing the Carthusians into England. In the premature struggle to which he had com- 15 mitted himself with the Church, he had been hopelessly worsted. The Constitutions of Clarendon had been torn in pieces. He had himself, of his own accord, done penance at the shrine of the murdered Becket. The haughty sovereign of England, as a symbol of the sincerity of his submission, 20 had knelt in the Chapter-house of Canterbury, presenting voluntarily there his bare shoulders to be flogged by the monks. His humiliation, so far from degrading him, had restored him to the affection of his subjects, and his endeavour thenceforward was to purify and invigorate the proud institu- 25 tion against which he had too rashly matched his strength.

In pursuance of his policy he had applied to the Chartreuse for assistance, and half a dozen monks, among them Brother Einard, whose Denmark mission was exchanged for the English, had been sent over and established at Witham, a 30 village not far from Frome in Somersetshire. Sufficient pains had not been taken to prepare for their reception. The Carthusians were a solitary order and required exclusive possession of the estates set apart for their use. The Saxon population were still in occupation of their holdings, and being 35

Crown tenants, saw themselves threatened with eviction in favour of foreigners. Quarrels had arisen and ill-feeling, and the Carthusians, proud as the proudest of nobles, and considering that in coming to England they were rather conferring favours than receiving them, resented the being compelled to struggle for tenements which they had not sought or desired. The first prior threw up his office and returned to the Chartreuse. The second died immediately after of chagrin and disgust; and the king, who was then in Normandy, heard to his extreme mortification that the remaining brethren were threatening to take staff in hand and march back to their homes. The Count de Maurienne to whom he communicated his distress, mentioned Hugo's name to him. It was determined to send for Hugo, and Fitzjocelyn, Bishop of Bath, with other venerable persons carried the invitation to the Chartreuse.

To Hugo himself, meanwhile, as if in preparation for the destiny which was before him, a singular experience was at that moment occurring. He was now about forty years old. It is needless to say that he had duly practised the usual austerities prescribed by his rule. Whatever discipline could do to kill the carnal nature in him had been carried out to its utmost harshness. He was a man, however, of great physical strength. His flesh was not entirely dead, and he was going where superiority to worldly temptation would be specially required. Just before Fitzjocelyn arrived he was assailed suddenly by emotions so extremely violent that he said he would rather face the pains of Gehenna than encounter them again. His mind was unaffected, but the devil had him at advantage in his sleep. He prayed, he flogged himself, he fasted, he confessed; still Satan was allowed to buffet him, and though he had no fear for his soul, he thought his body would die in the struggle. One night in particular the agony reached its crisis. He lay tossing on his uneasy pallet, the angel of darkness trying with all his

allurements to tempt his conscience into acquiescence in evil. An angel from above appeared to enter the cell as a spectator of the conflict. Hugo imagined that he sprang to him, clutched him, and wrestled like Jacob with him to extort a blessing but could not succeed, and at last he sank ex- 5
hausted on the ground. In the sleep or the unconsciousness which followed, an aged prior of the Chartreuse who had admitted him as a boy to the order, had died and had since been canonised, seemed to lean over him as he lay and inquired the cause of his distress. He said he was afflicted to 10
agony by the law of sin that was in his members, and unless some one aided him he would perish. The saint drew from his breast what appeared to be a knife, opened his body, drew a fiery mass of something from the bowels, and flung it out of the door. He awoke and found that it was morning 15
and that he was perfectly cured.

"Did you never feel a return of these motions of the flesh?" asked Adam, when Hugo related the story to him.

"Not never," Hugo answered, "but never to a degree that gave me the slightest trouble." 20

Visionary nonsense the impatient reader may say; and had Hugo become a dreamer of the cloister, a persecutor like St. Dominic, or a hysterical fanatic like Ignatius Loyola, we might pass by it as a morbid illusion. But there never lived a man to whom the word morbid could be applied with 25
less propriety. In the Hugo of Avalon with whom we are now to become acquainted, we shall see nothing but the sunniest cheerfulness, strong masculine sense, inflexible purpose, uprightness in word and deed; with an overflowing stream of genial and buoyant humour. 30

In the story of the temptation, therefore, we do but see the final conquest of the selfish nature in him, which left his nobler qualities free to act, wherever he might find himself.

Fitzjocelyn anticipating difficulty had brought with him the Bishop of Grenoble to support his petition. He was 35

received at first with universal clamour. Hugo was the brightest jewel of the order; Hugo could not be parted with for any prince on earth. He himself, entirely happy where he was, anticipated nothing but trouble, but left his superiors to decide for him. At length sense of duty prevailed. The brethren felt that he was a shining light, of which the world must not be deprived. The Bishop of Grenoble reminded them that Christ had left heaven and come to earth for sinners' souls, and that His example ought to be imitated. It was arranged that Hugo was to go, and a few weeks later he 5 was at Witham.

He was welcomed there as an angel from heaven. He found everything in confusion, the few monks living in wattled huts in the forest, the village still in possession of its old occupants, and bad blood and discontent on all hands. 15 The first difficulty was to enter upon the lands without wrong to the people, and the history of a large eviction in the twelfth century will not be without its instructiveness even at the present day. One thing Hugo was at once decided upon, that the foundation would not flourish if it was built upon 20 injustice. He repaired to Henry, and as a first step induced him to offer the tenants (Crown serfs or villeins) either entire enfranchisement or farms of equal value, or any other of the royal manors, to be selected by themselves. Some chose one, some the other. The next thing was compensation for im- 25 provements, houses, farm-buildings, and fences erected by the people at their own expense. The Crown, if it resumed possession, must pay for these or wrong doings would be done. "Unless your majesty satisfy these poor men to the last obol," said Hugo to Henry, "we cannot take pos- 30 session."

The king consented, and the people, when the prior carried back the news of the arrangement, were satisfied to go.

But this was not all. Many of them were removing no great distance, and could carry with them the materials of 35

their houses. Hugo resolved that they should keep these things, and again marched off to the court.

"My lord," said Hugo, "I am but a new comer in your realm, and I have already enriched your majesty with a quantity of cottages and farm-steading." 5

"Riches I could well have spared," said Henry, laughing. "You have almost made a beggar of me. What am I to do with old huts and rotten timber?"

"Perhaps your majesty will give them to me," said Hugo. "It is but a trifle," he added, when the king hesitated. "It 10 is my first request, and only a small one."

"This is a terrible fellow that we have brought among us," laughed the king; "if he is so powerful with his persuasions, what will he do if he tries force? Let it be as he says. We must not drive him to extremities." 15

Thus, with the goodwill of all parties, and no wrong done to any man, the first obstacles were overcome. The villagers went away happy. The monks entered upon their lands amidst prayers and blessings, the king himself being as pleased as any one at his first experience of the character of 20 Prior Hugo.

Henry had soon occasion to see more of him. He had promised to build the monks a house and chapel, but between Ireland, and Wales, and Scotland, and his dominions in France, and his three mutinous sons, he had many troubles on his 25 hands. Time passed and the building was not begun, and Hugo's flock grew mutinous once more; twice he sent Henry a reminder, twice came back fair words and nothing more. The brethren began to hint that the prior was afraid of the powers of this world, and dared not speak plainly, and one 30 of them, Brother Gerard, an old monk with high blood in his veins, declared that he would himself go and tell Henry some unpleasant truths. Hugo had discovered in his interviews with him that the king was no ordinary man, *vir sagacis ingenii et inscrutabilis fere animi*. He made no opposition, 35

but he proposed to go himself along with this passionate gentleman, and he, Gerard, and the aged Einard, who was mentioned above, went together as a deputation.

The king received them as *cœlestes angelos*—angels from heaven. He professed the deepest reverence for their 5 characters, and the greatest anxiety to please them, but he said nothing precise and determined, and the fiery Gerard burst out as he intended. Carthusian monks, it seems, considered themselves entitled to speak to kings on entirely equal terms. "Finish your work or leave it, my Lord King," the 10 proud Burgundian said. "It shall no more be any concern to me. You have a pleasant realm here in England, but for myself I prefer to take my leave of you and go back to my desert Chartreuse. You give us bread, and you think you are doing a great thing for us. We do not need your bread. 15 It is better for us to return to our Alps. You count money lost which you spend on your soul's health; keep it then, since you love it so dearly. Or rather, you cannot keep it; for you must die and let it go to others who will not thank you." 20

Hugo tried to check the stream of words, but Gerard and Einard were both older than he, and refused to be restrained.

Regem videres philosophantem: the king was apparently meditating. His face did not alter, nor did he speak a word till the Carthusian had done. 25

"And what do you think, my good fellow," he said at last after a pause, looking up and turning to Hugo; "will you forsake me too?"

"My Lord," said Hugo, "I am less desperate than my brothers. You have much work upon your hands, and I can 30 feel for you. When God shall please, you will have leisure to attend to us."

"By my soul," Henry answered, "you are one that I will never part with while I live."

He sent workmen at once to Witham. Cells and chapel 35

were duly built. The trouble finally passed away, and the Carthusian priory taking root became the English nursery of the order, which rapidly spread.

Hugo himself continued there for eleven years, leaving it from time to time on business of the Church, or summoned, 5 as happened more and more frequently, to Henry's presence. The king, who had seen his value, who knew that he could depend upon him to speak the truth, consulted him on the most serious affairs of state, and beginning with respect, became familiarly and ardently attached to him. Witham 10 however remained his home, and he returned to it always as to a retreat of perfect enjoyment. His cell and his dole of weekly bread gave him as entire satisfaction as the most luxuriously furnished villa could afford to one of ourselves; and long after, when he was called elsewhere, and the cares 15 of the great world fell more heavily upon him, he looked to an annual month at Witham for rest of mind and body, and on coming there he would pitch away his grand dress and jump into his sheep-skin as we moderns put on our shooting jackets. 20

While he remained prior he lived in perfect simplicity and unbroken health of mind and body. The fame of his order spread fast, and with its light the inseparable shadow of superstition. Witham became a place of pilgrimage, miracles were said to be worked by involuntary effluences from its 25 occupants. Then and always Hugo thought little of miracles, turned his back on them for the most part, and discouraged them if not as illusions yet as matters of no consequence. St. Paul thought one intelligible sentence containing truth in it was better than a hundred in an unknown tongue. 30 The Prior of Witham considered that the only miracle worth speaking of was holiness of life. "Little I," writes Adam (*parvulus ego*), "observed that he worked many miracles himself, but he paid no attention to them." Thus he lived for eleven years with as much rational happiness as, in his 35

opinion, human nature was capable of experiencing. When he lay down upon his horse-rag he slept like a child, undisturbed, save that at intervals, as if he was praying, he muttered a composed Amen. When he awoke he rose and went about his ordinary business: cleaning up dirt, washing dishes and such like, being his favourite early occupation. 5

The Powers, however—who, according to the Greeks, are jealous of human felicity—thought proper, in due time, to disturb the Prior of Witham. Towards the end of 1183 Walter de Coutances was promoted from the Bishopric of Lincoln to the Archbishopric of Rouen. The see lay vacant or two years and a half, and a successor had now to be provided. A great council was sitting at Ensham on business of the realm; the king riding over every morning from Woodstock. A deputation of canons from Lincoln came to learn 15 his pleasure for the filling up the vacancy. The canons were directed to make a choice for themselves and were unable to agree, for the not unnatural reason that each canon considered the fittest person to be himself. Some one (Adam does not mention the name) suggested, as a way out of the difficulty, 20 the election of Hugo of Witham. The canons being rich, well to do, and of the modern easy-going sort, laughed at the suggestion of the poor Carthusian. They found to their surprise, however, that the king was emphatically of the same opinion, and that Hugo and nobody else was the person that 25 he intended for them.

The king's pleasure was theirs. They gave their votes, and dispatched a deputation over the downs to command the prior's instant presence at Ensham.

A difficulty rose where it was least expected. Not only was 30 the *Nolo episcopari* in Hugo's case a genuine feeling, not only did he regard worldly promotion as a thing not in the least attractive to him; but, in spite of his regard for Henry, he did not believe that the king was a proper person to nominate the prelates of the Church. He told the canons that the 35

election was void. They must return to their own cathedral, call the chapter together, invoke the Holy Spirit, put the King of England out of their minds, and consider rather the King of kings; and so, and not otherwise, proceed with their choice.

5

The canons, wide-eyed with so unexpected a reception, retired with their answer. Whether they complied with the spirit of Hugo's direction may perhaps be doubted. They, however, assembled at Lincoln with the proper forms, and repeated the election with the external conditions which he 10 had prescribed. As a last hope of escape he appealed to the Chartreuse, declaring himself unable to accept any office without orders from his superiors; but the authorities there forbade him to decline; and a fresh deputation of canons having come for his escort, he mounted his mule with a heavy heart and 15 set out in their company for Winchester, where the king was then residing.

A glimpse of the party we are able to catch upon their journey. Though it was seven hundred years since, the English September was probably much like what it is at 20 present, and the down country cannot have materially altered. The canons had their palfreys richly caparisoned with gilt saddle-cloths, and servants and sumpter horses. The bishop-elect strapped his wardrobe, his blanket and sheep-skin, at the back of his saddle. He rode in this way, resisting remon- 25 strance, till close to Winchester, when the canons, afraid of the ridicule of the Court, slit the leathers without his knowing it, and passed his baggage to the servants.

Consecration and installation duly followed, and it was supposed that Hugo, a humble monk, owing his promotion to 30 the king, would be becomingly grateful, that he would become just a bishop, like anybody else, complying with established customs, moving in the regular route, and keeping the waters smooth.

All parties were disagreeably, or rather, as it turned out 35

ultimately, agreeably, surprised. The first intimation which he gave that he had a will of his own followed instantly upon his admission. Corruption or quasi-corruption had gathered already round ecclesiastical appointments. The Archdeacon of Canterbury put in a claim for consecration fees, things in themselves without meaning or justice, but implying that a bishopric was a prize, the lucky winner of which was expected to be generous. 5

The new prelate held no such estimate of the nature of his appointment—he said he would give as much for his cathedral 10 as he had given for his mitre, and left the archdeacon to his reflections.

No sooner was he established and had looked about him, than from the poor tenants of estates of the see he heard complaints of that most ancient of English grievances—the 15 game laws. Hugo, who himself touched no meat, was not likely to have cared for the chase. He was informed that venison must be provided for his installation feast. He told his people to take from his park what was necessary—three hundred stags if they pleased, so little he cared for preserving 20 them; but neither was he a man to have interfered needlessly with the recognised amusements of other people. There must have been a case of real oppression, or he would not have meddled with such things. The offender was no less a person than the head forester of the king himself. Hugo, 25 failing to bring him to reason with mild methods, excommunicated him, and left him to carry his complaints to Henry. It happened that a rich stall was at the moment vacant at Lincoln. The king wanted it for one of his courtiers, and gave the bishop an opportunity of redeeming his first offence by 30 asking for it as a favour to himself. Henry was at Woodstock; the bishop, at the moment, was at Dorchester, a place in his diocese thirteen miles off. On receiving Henry's letter the bishop bade the messenger carry back for answer that prebendal stalls were not for courtiers but for priests. The 35

king must find other means of rewarding temporal services. Henry, with some experience of the pride of ecclesiastics, was unprepared for so abrupt a message—Becket himself had been less insolent—and as he had been personally kind to Hugo, he was hurt as well as offended. He sent again to desire him to 5 come to Woodstock, and prepared, when he arrived, to show him that he was seriously displeased. Then followed one of the most singular scenes in English history—a thing veritably true, which oaks still standing in Woodstock Park may have witnessed. As soon as word was brought that the bishop 10 was at the park gate, Henry mounted his horse, rode with his retinue into a glade in the forest, where he alighted, sat down upon the ground with his people, and in this position prepared to receive the criminal. The bishop approached—no one rose or spoke. He saluted the king; there was no 15 answer. Pausing for a moment, he approached, pushed aside gently an earl who was sitting at Henry's side, and himself took his place. Silence still continued. At last Henry, looking up, called for a needle and thread; he had hurt a finger of his left hand. It was wrapped with a strip of linen rag, the 20 end was loose, and he began to sew. The bishop watched him through a few stitches, and then, with the utmost composure, said to him—" *Quam similis es modo cognatis tuis de Falesia*"—"Your Highness now reminds me of your cousins of Falaise". The words sounded innocent enough—indeed, 25 entirely unmeaning. Alone of the party, Henry understood the allusion; and, overwhelmed by the astonishing impertinence, he clenched his hands, struggled hard to contain himself, and then rolled on the ground in convulsions of laughter.

"Did you hear," he said to his people when at last he found 30 words, "did you hear how this wretch insulted us? The blood of my ancestor the Conqueror, as you know, was none of the purest. His mother was of Falaise, which is famous for its leather work, and when this mocking gentleman saw me stitching my finger, he said I was showing my parentage." 35

"My good sir," he continued, turning to Hugo, "what do you mean by excommunicating my head forester, and when I make a small request of you, why is it that you not only do not come to see me, but do not send me ~~so~~ much as a civil answer?"

5

"I know myself," answered Hugo, gravely, "to be indebted to your highness for my late promotion. I considered that your highness's soul would be in danger if I was found wanting in the discharge of my duties; and therefore it was that I used the censures of the Church when I held them necessary, 10 and that I resisted an improper attempt on your part upon a stall in my cathedral. To wait on you on such a subject I thought superfluous, since your highness approves, as a matter of course, of whatever is rightly ordered in your realm."

15

What could be done with such a bishop? No one knew better than Henry the truth of what Hugo was saying, or the worth of such a man to himself. He bade Hugo proceed with the forester as he pleased. Hugo had him publicly whipped, then absolved him, and gave him his blessing, and 20 found in him ever after a fast and faithful friend. The courtiers asked for no more stalls, and all was well.

In Church matters in his own diocese he equally took his own way. Nothing could be more unlike than Hugo to the canons whom he found in possession; yet he somehow bent 25 them all to his will, or carried their wills with his own. "Never since I came to the diocese," he said to his chaplain, "have I had a quarrel with my chapter. It is not that I am easy-going—*sum enim revera pipere mordacior*: pepper is not more biting than I can be. I often fly out for small causes; 30 but they take me as they find me. There is not one who distrusts my love for him, nor one by whom I do not believe myself to be loved."

At table this hardest of monks was the most agreeable of companions. Though no one had practised abstinence more 35

severe, no one less valued it for its own sake, or had less superstition or foolish sentiment about it. It was, and is, considered sacrilege in the Church of Rome to taste food before saying mass. Hugo, if he saw a priest who was to officiate exhausted for want of support, and likely to find a difficulty in getting through his work, would order him to eat as a point of duty, and lectured him for want of faith if he affected to be horrified. 5

Like all genuine men, the bishop was an object of special attraction to children and animals. The little ones in every house that he entered were always found clinging about his legs. Of the attachment of other creatures to him, there was one very singular instance. About the time of his installation there appeared on the mere at Stow Manor, eight miles from Lincoln, a swan of unusual size, which drove the other male birds from off the water. Abbot Adam, who frequently saw the bird, says that he was curiously marked. The bill was saffron instead of black, with a saffron tint on the plumage of the head and neck; and the abbot adds, he was as much larger than other swans as a swan is larger than a goose. This bird, on the occasion of the bishop's first visit to the manor, was brought to him to be seen as a curiosity. He was usually unmanageable and savage; but the bishop knew the way to his heart; fed him, and taught him to poke his head into the pockets of his frock to look for bread-crumbs, which he did not fail to find there. Ever after he seemed to know instinctively when the bishop was expected, flew trumpeting up and down the lake, slapping the water with his wings; when the horses approached, he would march out upon the grass to meet them; strutted at the bishop's side, and would sometimes follow him upstairs. 20 25 30

It was a miracle of course to the general mind, though explicable enough to those who have observed the physical charm which men who take pains to understand animals are able to exercise over them.

To relate, or even to sketch, Bishop Hugo's public life in the fourteen years that he was at Lincoln, would be beyond the compass of a magazine article. The materials indeed do not exist; for Abbot Adam's life is but a collection of anecdotes; and out of them it is only possible here to select a few 5 at random. King Henry died two years after the scene at Woodstock; then came the accession of Cœur de Lion, the Crusade, the king's imprisonment in Austria, and the conspiracy of John. Glimpses can be caught of the bishop in these stormy times quelling insurgent mobs—in Holland, 10 perhaps Holland in Lincolnshire, with his brother William of Avalon, encountering a military insurrection; single-handed and unarmed, overawing a rising at Northampton, when the citizens took possession of the great church, and swords were flashing, and his attendant chaplains fled terri- 15 fied, and hid themselves behind the altars.

These things, however, glad as we should be to know more of them, the abbot merely hints at, confining himself to subjects more interesting to the convent recluses for whose edification he was writing. 20

But in whatever circumstances he lets us see the bishop, it is always the same simple, brave, unpretending, wise figure, one to whom nature had been lavish of her fairest gifts, and whose training, to modern eyes so unpromising, had brought out all that was best in him. 25

Among the most deadly disorders which at that time prevailed in England was leprosy. The wretched creatures afflicted with so loathsome a disease were regarded with a superstitious terror: as the objects in some special way of the wrath of God. They were outlawed from the fellowship 30 of mankind, and left to perish in misery.

The bishop, who had clearer views of the nature and causes of human suffering, established hospitals on his estate for these poor victims of undeserved misery, whose misfortunes appeared to him to demand special care and sympathy. To 35

the horror of his attendants, he persisted in visiting them himself; he washed their sores with his own hands, kissed them, prayed over them, and consoled them.

"Pardon, blessed Jesus," exclaims Adam, "the unhappy soul of him who tells the story! when I saw my master touch those bloated and livid faces; when I saw him kiss the bleared eyes or eyeless sockets, I shuddered with disgust. But Hugo said to me that these afflicted ones were flowers of Paradise, pearls in the coronet of the Eternal King waiting for the coming of their Lord, who in His own time would change their forlorn bodies into the likeness of His own glory."

He never altered his own monastic habits. He never parted with his hair-shirt, or varied from the hardness of the Carthusian rule; but he refused to allow that it possessed any particular sanctity. Men of the world affected regret sometimes to him that they were held by duty to a secular life when they would have preferred to retire into a monastery. The kingdom of God, he used to answer, was not made up of monks and hermits. God, at the day of judgment, would not ask a man why he had not been a monk, but why he had not been a Christian. Charity in the heart, truth in the tongue, chastity in the body, were the virtues which God demanded: and chastity, to the astonishment of his clergy, he insisted, was to be found as well among the married as the unmarried. The wife was as honourable as the virgin. He allowed women (Adam's pen trembles as he records it) to sit at his side at dinner; and had been known to touch and even to embrace them. "Woman," he once said remarkably, "has been admitted to a higher privilege than man. It has not been given to man to be the father of God. To woman it has been given to be God's mother."

Another curious feature about him was his eagerness to be present, whenever possible, at the burial of the dead. He never allowed any one of his priests to bury a corpse if he were himself within reach. If a man had been good, he said, he

deseived to be honoured. If he had been a sinner, there was the more reason to help him. He would allow nothing to interfere with a duty of this kind; and in great cities he would spend whole days by the side of graves. At Rouen once he was engaged to dinner with King Richard himself, and kept the king and the court waiting for him while he was busy in the cemetery. A courtier came to fetch him. "The king needn't wait," he only said. "Let him go to dinner in the name of God. Better the king dine without my company, than that I leave my Master's work undone." 5 10

Gentle and affectionate as he shows himself in such traits as these, still, as he said, he was *pipere mordacior*—more biting than pepper. When there was occasion for anger there was fierce lightning in him; he was not afraid of the highest in the land. 15

The cause for which Becket died was no less dear to Hugo. On no pretext would he permit innovation on the Church's privileges, and he had many a sharp engagement with the primate, Archbishop Hubert, who was too complaisant to the secular power. An instance or two may be taken at random. 20 There was a certain Richard de Wavre in his diocese, a younger son of a noble house, who was in deacon's orders, but the elder brother having died childless, was hoping to relapse into the lay estate. This Richard in some one of the many political quarrels of the day brought a charge of treason 25 against Sir Reginald de Argentun, one of the bishop's knights. As he was a clerk in orders the bishop forbade him to appear as prosecutor in a secular court or cause. Cœur de Lion and Archbishop Hubert ordered him to go on. The bishop suspended him for contumacy, the archbishop removed the suspension. The Bishop pronounced sentence of excommunication; the archbishop, as primate and legate, issued letters of absolution, which Richard flourished triumphantly in the bishop's face. 30

"If my Lord Archbishop absolve you a hundred times," 35

was Hugo's answer, "a hundred times I will excommunicate you again. Regard my judgment as you will, I hold you bound while you remain impenitent." Death ended the dispute. The wretched Richard was murdered by one of his servants.

5

Another analogous exploit throws curious light on the habits of the times. Riding once through St. Albans he met the sheriff with the *posse comitatus* escorting a felon to the gallows. The prisoner threw himself before the bishop and claimed protection. The bishop reined in his horse and asked who the 10 man was

"My lord," said the sheriff shortly, "it is no affair of yours; let us pass and do our duty."

"Eh!" then said Hugo. "Blessed be God; we will see about that; make over the man to me; and go back and tell 15 the judges that I have taken him from you."

"My lords judges," he said, when they came to remonstrate, "I need not remind you of the Church's privilege of sanctuary; understand that where the bishop is, the Church is. He who can consecrate the sanctuary carries with him 20 the sacredness of the sanctuary."

The humiliation of an English king at Becket's tomb had been a lesson too severe and too recent to be forgotten. "We may not dispute with you," the judges replied; "if you choose to let this man go we shall not oppose you, but you must 25 answer for it to the king's highness."

"So be it," answered Hugo, "you have spoken well. I charge myself with your prisoner. The responsibility be mine."

There was probably something more in the case than 30 appears on the surface. The sanctuary system worked in mitigation of a law which in itself was frightfully cruel, and there may have been good reason why the life of the poor wretch should have been spared. The bishop set him free. It is to be hoped that "he sinned no more".

35

The common-sense view which the bishop took of miracles has been already spoken of, but we may give one or two other illustrations of it. Doubtless, he did not disbelieve in the possibility of miracles, but he knew how much imposture passed current under the name, and whether true or false he never missed a chance of checking or affronting superstition. 5

Stopping once in a country town on a journey from Paris to Troyes, he invited the parish priest to dine with him. The priest declined, but came in the evening to sit and talk with the chaplains. He was a lean old man, dry and shrivelled to 10 the bones, and he told them a marvellous story which he bade them report to their master.

Long ago, he said, when he was first ordained priest, he fell into mortal sin, and without having confessed or done penance he had presumed to officiate at the altar. He was 15 sceptical too, it seemed, a premature Voltairian. "Is it credible," he had said to himself when consecrating the host, "that I, a miserable sinner, can manufacture and handle and eat the body and blood of God?" He was breaking the wafer at the moment; blood flowed at the fracture—the part which 20 was in his hand became flesh. He dropped it terrified into the chalice, and the wine turned instantly into blood. The precious things were preserved. The priest went to Rome, confessed to the Pope himself, and received absolution. The faithful now flocked from all parts of France to adore the 25 mysterious substances which were to be seen in the parish church; and the priest trusted that he might be honoured on the following day by the presence of Bishop Hugo and his retinue.

The chaplains rushed to the bishop open-mouthed, eager to 30 be allowed to refresh their souls on so divine a spectacle.

"In the name of God," he said quietly, "let unbelievers go rushing after signs and wonders. What have we to do with such things who partake every day of the heavenly sacrifice?" He dismissed the priest with his blessing, giving him 35

the benefit of a doubt, though he probably suspected him to be a rogue, and forbade his chaplains most strictly to yield to idle curiosity.

He was naturally extremely humorous, and humour in such men will show itself sometimes in playing with things, 5 in the sacredness of which they may believe fully notwithstanding. It has been said, indeed, that no one has any real faith if he cannot afford to play with it.

Among the relics at Fécamp, in Normandy, was a so-called bone of Mary Magdalene. This precious jewel was kept with 10 jealous care. It was deposited in a case, and within the case was double wrapped in silk. Bishop Hugo was taken to look at it in the presence of a crowd of monks, abbots, and other dignitaries; mass had been said first as a preparation; the thing was then taken out of its box and exhibited, so far as it 15 could be seen through its envelope. The bishop asked to look at the bone itself; and no one venturing to touch it, he borrowed a knife and calmly slit the covering. He took it up, whatever it may have been, gazed at it, raised it to his lips as if to kiss it, and then suddenly with a strong grip of his teeth 20 bit a morsel out of its side. A shriek of sacrilege rang through the church. Looking round quietly the bishop said, "Just now we were handling in our unworthy fingers the body of the Holy One of all. We passed Him between our teeth and down into our stomach; why may we not do the like with the 25 members of his saints?"

We have left to the last the most curious of all the stories connected with this singular man. We have seen him with King Henry; we will now follow him into the presence of Cœur de Lion. 30

Richard, it will be remembered, on his return from his captivity plunged into war with Philip of France, carrying out a quarrel which had commenced in the Holy Land. The king, in distress for money, had played tricks with Church patronage which Hugo had firmly resisted. Afterwards an 35

old claim on Lincoln diocese for some annual services was suddenly revived, which had been pretermitted for sixty years. The arrears for all that time were called for and exacted, and the clergy had to raise among themselves 3,000 marks: hard measures of this kind perhaps induced Hugo to look closely 5 into further demands.

In 1197, when Richard was in Normandy, a pressing message came home from him for supplies. A council was held at Oxford, when Archbishop Hubert, who was chancellor, required each prelate and great nobleman in the king's name 10 to provide three hundred knights at his own cost to serve in the war. The Bishop of London supported the primate. The Bishop of Lincoln followed. Being a stranger, he said, and ignorant on his arrival of English laws, he had made it his business to study them. The see of Lincoln, he was aware, 15 was bound to military service, but it was service in England and not abroad. The demand of the king was against the liberties which he had sworn to defend, and he would rather die than betray them.

The Bishop of Salisbury, gathering courage from Hugo's 20 resistance, took the same side. The council broke up in confusion, and the archbishop wrote to Richard to say that he was unable to raise the required force, and that the Bishop of Lincoln was the cause. Richard, who with most noble qualities had the temper of a fiend, replied instantly with an 25 order to seize and confiscate the property of the rebellious prelates. The Bishop of Salisbury was brought upon his knees, but Hugo, fearless as ever, swore that he would excommunicate any man who dared to execute the king's command; and as it was known that he would keep his word, the royal 30 officers hesitated to act. The king wrote a second time more fiercely, threatening death if they disobeyed, and the bishop, not wishing to expose them to trouble on his account, determined to go over and encounter the tempest in person.

At Rouen, on his way to Roche d'Andeli, where Richard 35

was lying, he was encountered by the earl marshal and Lord Albemarle, who implored him to send some conciliatory message by them as the king was so furious that they feared he might provoke the anger of God by some violent act.

The bishop declined their assistance. He desired them merely to tell the king that he was coming. They hurried back, and he followed at his leisure. The scene that ensued was even stranger than the interview already described with Henry in the park at Woodstock.

Cœur de Lion, when he arrived at Roche d'Andeli, was hearing mass in the church. He was sitting in a great chair at the opening into the choir, with the Bishops of Durham and Ely on either side. Church ceremonials must have been conducted with less stiff propriety than at present. Hugo advanced calmly and made the usual obeisance. Richard said nothing, but frowned, looked sternly at him for a moment, and turned away.

"Kiss me, my lord king," said the bishop. It was the ordinary greeting between the sovereign and the spiritual peers. The king averted his face still further.

"Kiss me, my lord," said Hugo again, and he caught Cœur de Lion by the vest and shook him, Abbot Adam standing shivering behind.

"*Non meruisti*"—"Thou hast not deserved it," growled Richard.

"I have deserved it," replied Hugo, and shook him harder.

Had he shown fear, Cœur de Lion would probably have trampled on him, but who could resist such marvellous audacity? The kiss was given. The bishop passed up to the altar and became absorbed in the service, Cœur de Lion curiously watching him.

When mass was over there was a formal audience, but the result of it was decided already. Hugo declared his loyalty in everything, save what touched his duty to God. The king

yielded, and threw the blame of the quarrel on the too complaisant primate.

Even this was not all. The bishop afterwards requested a private interview. He told Richard solemnly that he was uneasy for his soul, and admonished him, if he had anything 5 on his conscience, to confess it.

The king said he was conscious of no sin, save of a certain rage against his French enemies.

"Obey God!" the bishop said, "and God will humble your enemies for you—and you for your part take heed you 10 offend not Him or hurt your neighbour. I speak in sadness, but rumour says you are unfaithful to your queen."

The lion was tamed for the moment. The king acknowledged nothing but restrained his passion, only observing afterwards, "If all bishops were like my Lord of Lincoln, not 15 a prince among us could lift his head against them".

The trouble was not over. Hugo returned to England to find his diocese in confusion. A bailiff of the Earl of Leicester had taken a man out of sanctuary in Lincoln and had hung him. Instant excommunication followed. The bishop 20 compelled every one who had been concerned in the sacrilege to repair, stripped naked to the waist, to the spot where the body was buried, to dig it up, putrid as it was, and carry it on their shoulders round the town, to halt at each church door to be flogged by the priests belonging to the place, and 25 then with their own hands to rebury the man in the cemetery from which he had been originally carried off.

Fresh demands for money in another, but no less irregular, form followed from the king. There was again a council in London. The archbishop insisted that Hugo should levy a 30 subsidy upon his clergy.

"Do you not know, my lord," the primate said, "that the king is as thirsty for money as a man with the dropsy for water?"

"His majesty may be dropsical for all that I know," Hugo 35

answered, "but I will not be the water for him to swallow."

Once more he started for Normandy, but not a second time to try the effect of his presence on Cœur de Lion. On approaching Angers he was met by Sir Gilbert de Lacy with the news that the Lion-heart was cold. Richard had been struck by an arrow in the trenches at Chaluz. The wound had mortified and he was dead. He was to be buried at Fontevrault, but the country was in the wildest confusion. The roads were patrolled by banditti, and de Lacy strongly advised the bishop to proceed no farther. 10

Hugo's estimate of danger was unlike de Lacy's. "I have more fear," he said, "of failing through cowardice in my duty to my lord and prince. If the thieves take my horse and clothes from me, I can walk, and walk the lighter. If they tie me fast, I cannot help myself." 15

Paying a brief visit to Queen Berengaria, at Beaufort Abbey, on the way, he reached Fontevrault on Palm Sunday, the day of the funeral, and was in time to pay the last honours to the sovereign whom he had defied and yet loved so dearly. 20

His own time was also nearly out, and this hurried sketch must also haste to its end. One more scene, however, remains to be described.

To Henry and Richard, notwithstanding their many faults, the bishop was ardently attached. For their sakes, and for his country's, he did what lay in him to influence for good the brother who was to succeed to the throne. 25

At the time of Richard's death, John was with his nephew Arthur in Brittany. That John and not Arthur must take Richard's place the bishop seems to have assumed as unavoidable; Arthur was but ten years old and the times were too rough for a regency. John made haste to Fontevrault, receiving on his way the allegiance of many of the barons. After the funeral he made a profusion of promises to the Bishop of Lincoln as to his future conduct. 35

The bishop had no liking for John. He knew him to have been paltry, false, and selfish.

"I trust you mean what you say," he said in reply. "*Nostis quia satis aversor mendacium*"—"You know that I hate lying"

John produced an amulet which he wore round his neck with a chain. That he seemed to think would help him to walk straight. 5

The bishop looked at it scornfully. "Do you trust in a senseless stone?" he said. "Trust in the living rock in heaven—the Lord Jesus Christ. Anchor your hopes in Him 10 and He will direct you."

On one side of the church at Fontevrault was a celebrated sculpture of the day of judgment. The Judge was on his throne; on his left were a group of crowned kings, led away by devils to be hurled into the smoking pit. Hugo pointed 15 significantly to them. "Understand," he said, "that those men are going into unending torture. Think of it, and let your wisdom teach you the prospects of princes who, while they govern men, are unable to rule themselves, and become slaves in hell through eternity. Fear this, I say, while there is time. 20 The hour will come when it will have been too late."

John affected to smile, pointed to the good kings on the other side, and declared, with infinite volubility, that he would be found one of those.

The fool's nature, however, soon showed itself. Hugo 25 took leave of him with a foreboding heart, paid one more bright brief visit in the following year to his birthplace in the south, and then returned to England to die. He had held his see but fourteen years, and was no more than sixty-five. His asceticism had not impaired his strength. At his last 30 visit to the Chartreuse he had distanced all his companions on the steep hill-side, but illness overtook him on his way home. He arrived in London, at his house in the old Temple, in the middle of September, to feel that he was rapidly dying. Of death itself, it is needless to say, he had no kind of fear. 35

"By the holy nut," he used to say, in his queer way (*"Per sanctam nucem,¹ sic enim vice juramenti ad formationem verbi interdum loquebatur"*), "By the holy nut, we should be worse off if we were not allowed to die at all."

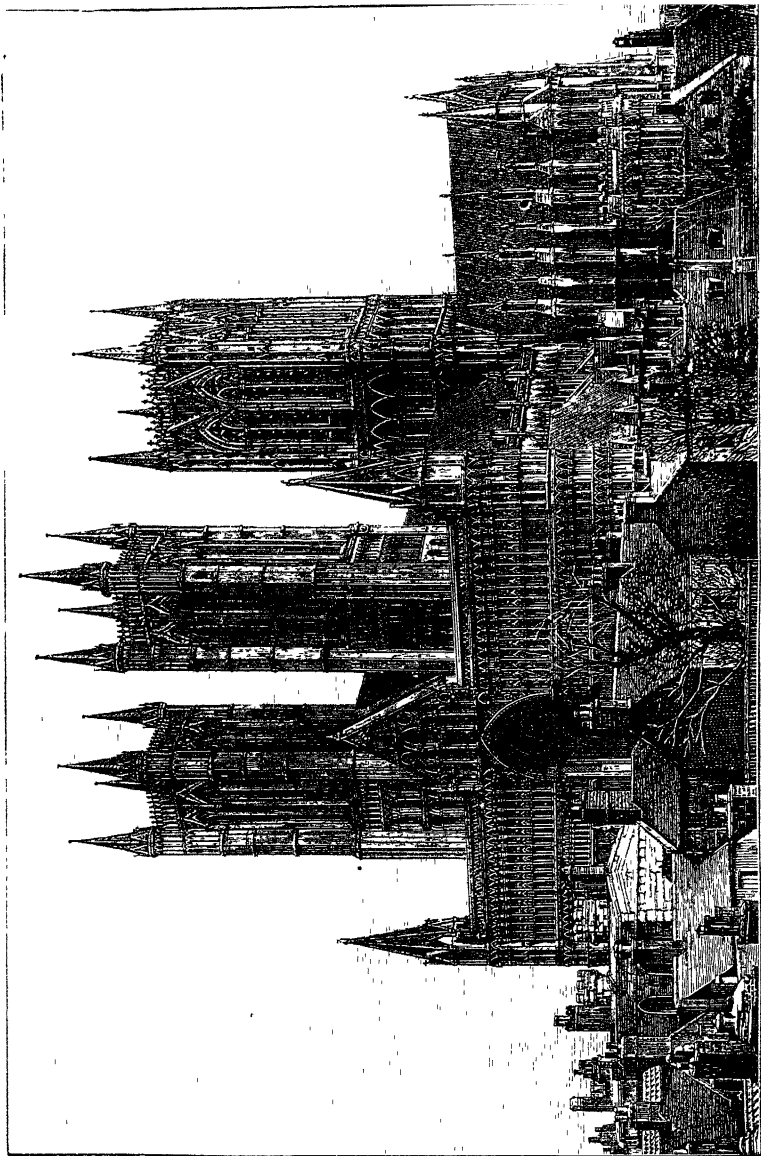
He prepared with his unvarying composure. As his illness 5 increased, and he was confined to his bed, his hair-shirt hurt him. Twisting into knots, as he shifted from side to side, it bruised and wounded his skin. The rules of the order would have allowed him to dispense with it, but he could not be induced to let it go; but he took animal food, which the 10 doctor prescribed as good for him, and quietly and kindly submitted to whatever else was ordered for him. He knew, however, that his life was over, and with constant confession held himself ready for the change. Great people came about him. John himself came; but he received him coldly. 15 Archbishop Hubert came once; he did not care, perhaps, to return a second time.

The archbishop, sitting by his bed, after the usual condolences, suggested that the Bishop of Lincoln might like to use the opportunity to repent of any sharp expressions which 20 he had occasionally been betrayed into using. As the hint was not taken, he referred especially to himself as one of those who had something to complain of.

"Indeed, your grace," replied Hugo, "there have been passages of words between us, and I have much to regret in relation to them. It is not, however, what I have said to your grace, but what I have omitted to say. I have more feared to offend your grace than to offend my Father in heaven. I have withheld words which I ought to have spoken, and I have thus sinned against your grace and desire your for- 30 giveness. Should it please God to spare my life I purpose to amend that fault."

As his time drew near, he gave directions for the disposi-

¹ Perhaps for "crucem," as we say "by Gad," to avoid the actual word.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

tion of his body, named the place in Lincoln Cathedral where he was to be burned, and bade his chaplain make a cross of ashes on the floor of his room, lift him from his bed at the moment of departure, and place him upon it

It was a November afternoon The choristers of St. Paul's 5 were sent for to chant the compline to him for the last time. He gave a sign when they were half through. They lifted him and laid him on the ashes. The choristers sang on, and as they began the *Nunc Dimittis* he died.

So parted one of the most beautiful spirits that was ever 10 incarnated in human clay. Never was man more widely mourned over, or more honoured in his death. He was taken down to Lincoln, and the highest and the lowest alike had poured out to meet the body. A company of poor Jews, the offscouring of mankind, for whom rack and gridiron were 15 considered generally too easy couches, came to mourn over one whose justice had sheltered even them.

John was at Lincoln at the time, and William of Scotland with him; and on the hill, a mile from the town, two kings, three archbishops, fourteen bishops, a hundred abbots, and 20 as many earls and barons, were waiting to receive the sad procession.

King John and the archbishops took the bier upon their shoulders, and waded knee-deep through the mud to the cathedral. The King of Scotland stood apart in tears. 25

It was no vain pomp or unmeaning ceremony, but the genuine healthful recognition of human worth. The story of Hugo of Lincoln has been too long unknown to us. It deserves a place in every biography of English Worthies. It ought to be familiar to every English boy. Such men as he 30 were the true builders of our nation's greatness. Like the "well-tempered mortar" in old English walls, which is hard as the stone itself, their actions and their thoughts are the cement of our national organisation, and bind together yet such parts of it as still are allowed to stand. 35

THE CHURCH OF ROME IN ITS VIGOUR.

NEVER in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never that we know of, have mankind thrown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful, as the Catholic Church once was. In these times of ours, well-regulated selfishness is the recognised rule of action—every one of us is 5 expected to look out first for himself, and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of, the Church ruled the State with the authority of a conscience, and self-interest, as a motive of action, was only named to be abhorred. The bishops and clergy were regarded freely and simply as the 10 immediate ministers of the Almighty; and they seem to me to have really deserved that high estimate of their character. It was not for the doctrines which they taught only, or chiefly, that they were held in honour. Brave men do not fall down 15 before their fellow-mortals for the words which they speak, or for the rites which they perform. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, highmindedness,—these are the qualities before which the free-born races of Europe have been contented to bow; and in no order of men were such qualities 20 to be found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They called themselves the successors of the Apostles. They claimed in their Master's name universal spiritual authority, but they made good their pretensions by the holiness of their own lives. They were 25 allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fullness of reverence kings and nobles bent before a power which was nearer to God than their own. Over prince and subject,

chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed defenceless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity. They tamed the fiery northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman Empire. They taught them—they brought them really and truly to believe—that they had immortal souls, and that they would one day stand at the awful judgment bar and give account for their lives there. With the brave, the honest, and the good—with those who had not oppressed the poor nor removed their neighbour's landmark—with those who had been just in all their dealings—with those who had fought against evil, and had tried valiantly to do their Master's will,—at that great day it would be well. For cowards, for profligates, for those who lived for luxury and pleasure and self-indulgence, there was the blackness of eternal death. 5

An awful conviction of this tremendous kind the clergy had effectually instilled into the mind of Europe. It was not a PERHAPS; it was a certainty. It was not a form of words repeated once a week at church; it was an assurance entertained on all days and in all places, without any particle of doubt. And the effect of such a belief on life and conscience was simply immeasurable. 15 20

I do not pretend that the clergy were perfect. They were very far from perfect at the best of times, and the European nations were never completely submissive to them. It would not have been well if they had been. The business of human creatures in this planet is not summed up in the most excellent of priestly catechisms. The world and its concerns continued to interest men, though priests insisted on their nothingness. They could not prevent kings from quarrelling with each other. They could not hinder disputed successions, and civil feuds, and wars, and political conspiracies. What they did do was to shelter the weak from the strong. 25 30

In the eyes of the clergy, the serf and his lord stood on the common level of sinful humanity. Into their ranks high birth was no passport. They were themselves for the most 35

part children of the people, and the son of the artisan or peasant rose to the mitre and the triple crown, just as nowadays the rail-splitter and the tailor become Presidents of the Republic of the West.

The Church was essentially democratic, while at the same 5 time it had the monopoly of learning; and all the secular power fell to it which learning, combined with sanctity and assisted by superstition, can bestow.

The privileges of the clergy were extraordinary. They were not amenable to the common laws of the land. While 10 they governed the laity, the laity had no power over them. From the throne downwards, every secular office was dependent on the Church. No king was a lawful sovereign till the Church placed the crown upon his head: and what the Church bestowed, the Church claimed the right to take away. The 15 disposition of property was in their hands. No will could be proved except before the bishop or his officer; and no will was held valid if the testator died out of communion. There were magistrates and courts of law for the offences of the laity. If a priest committed a crime, he was a sacred person. 20 The civil power could not touch him; he was reserved for his ordinary. Bishops' commissaries sat in town and city, taking cognizance of the moral conduct of every man and woman. Offences against life and property were tried here in England, as now, by the common law; but the Church Courts dealt 25 with sins—sins of word or act. If a man was a profligate or a drunkard; if he lied or swore; if he did not come to communion, or held unlawful opinions; if he was idle or unthrifty; if he was unkind to his wife or his servants; if a child was disobedient to his father, or a father cruel to his child; if a 30 tradesman sold adulterated wares, or used false measures or dishonest weights,—the eye of the parish priest was everywhere, and the Church Court stood always open to examine and to punish.

Imagine what a tremendous power this must have been! 35

Yet it existed generally in Catholic Europe down to the eve of the Reformation. It could never have established itself at all unless at one time it had worked beneficially—as the abuse of it was one of the most fatal causes of the Church's fall.

I know nothing in English history much more striking than 5 the answer given by Archbishop Warham to the complaints of the English House of Commons after the fall of Cardinal Wolsey. The House of Commons complained that the clergy made laws in Convocation which the laity were excommunicated if they disobeyed. Yet the laws made by the clergy, the 10 Commons said, were often at variance with the laws of the realm.

What did Warham reply? He said he was sorry for the alleged discrepancy; but, inasmuch as the laws made by the clergy were always in conformity with the will of God, the 15 laws of the realm had only to be altered and then the difficulty would vanish.

What must have been the position of the clergy in the fullness of their power, when they could speak thus on the eve of their prostration? You have only to look from a distance 20 at any old-fashioned cathedral city, and you will see in a moment the mediæval relations between Church and State. The cathedral is the city. The first object you catch sight of as you approach is the spire tapering into the sky, or the huge towers holding possession of the centre of the landscape—25 majestically beautiful—imposing by mere size amidst the large forms of Nature herself. As you go nearer, the vastness of the building impresses you more and more. The puny dwelling-places of the citizens creep at its feet, the pinnacles are glittering in the tints of the sunset, when down 30 below among the streets and lanes the twilight is darkening. And even now, when the towns are thrice their ancient size, and the houses have stretched upwards from two storeys to five; when the great chimneys are vomiting their smoke among the clouds, and the temples of modern industry—the 35

workshops and the factories—spread their long fronts before the eye, the cathedral is still the governing form in the picture—the one object which possesses the imagination and refuses to be eclipsed.

As that cathedral was to the old town, so was the Church of the Middle Ages to the secular institutions of the world. Its very neighbourhood was sacred; and its shadow, like a shadow of the Apostles, was a sanctuary. When I look at the new Houses of Parliament in London, I see in them a type of the change which has passed over us. The House of Commons of the Plantagenets sat in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The Parliament of the Reform Bill, five-and-thirty years ago, debated in St. Stephen's Chapel, the Abbey's small dependency. Now, by the side of the enormous pile which has risen out of that chapel's ashes, the proud minster itself is dwarfed into insignificance.

Let us turn to another vast feature of the Middle Ages—I mean the monasteries.

Some person of especial and exceptional holiness has lived or died at a particular spot. He has been distinguished by 20 his wisdom, by his piety, by his active benevolence; and in an age when conjurers and witches were supposed to be helped by the devil to do evil, he, on his part, has been thought to have possessed in larger measure than common men the favour and the grace of heaven. Blessed influences 25 hang about the spot which he has hallowed by his presence. His relics—his household possessions, his books, his clothes, his bones, retain the shadowy sanctity which they received in having once belonged to him. We all set a value, not wholly unreal, on anything which has been the property of a remarkable man. At worst, it is but an exaggeration of natural reverence.

Well, as nowadays we build monuments to great men, so in the Middle Ages they built shrines or chapels on the spots which saints had made holy, and communities of pious 35 people gathered together there—beginning with the personal

friends the saint had left behind him—to try to live as he had lived, to do good as he had done good, and to die as he had died. Thus arose religious fraternities—companies of men who desired to devote themselves to goodness—to give up pleasure, and amusement, and self-indulgence, and to 5 spend their lives in prayer and works of charity.

These houses became centres of pious beneficence. The monks, as the brotherhoods were called, were organised in different orders, with some variety of rule, but the broad principle was the same in all. They were to live for others, 10 not for themselves. They took vows of poverty, that they might not be entangled in the pursuit of money. They took vows of chastity, that the care of a family might not distract them from the work which they had undertaken. Their efforts of charity were not limited to this world. Their 15 days were spent in hard bodily labour, in study, or in visiting the sick. At night they were on the stone-floors of their chapels, holding up their withered hands to heaven, interceding for the poor souls who were suffering in purgatory.

The world, as it always will, paid honour to exceptional 20 excellence. The system spread to the farthest limits of Christendom. The religious houses became places of refuge where men of noble birth, kings and queens and emperors, warriors and statesmen, retired to lay down their splendid cares, and end their days in peace. Those with whom the 25 world had dealt hardly, or those whom it had surfeited with its unsatisfying pleasures, those who were disappointed with earth, and those who were filled with passionate aspirations after heaven, alike found a haven of rest in the quiet cloister. And, gradually, lands came to them, and wealth, and social 30 dignity—all gratefully extended to men who deserved so well of their fellows; while no landlords were more popular than they, for the sanctity of the monks sheltered their dependants as well as themselves.

Travel now through Ireland, and you will see in the wildest 35 parts of it, innumerable remains of religious houses, which had

grown up among a people who acknowledged no rule among themselves except the sword, and where every chief made war upon his neighbour as the humour seized him. The monks among the O's and the Mac's were as defenceless as sheep among wolves; but the wolves spared them for their character. In such a country as Ireland then was, the monasteries could not have survived for a generation but for the enchanted atmosphere which surrounded them. 5

Of authority the religious orders were practically independent. They were amenable only to the Pope and to their own superiors. Here in England, the king could not send a commissioner to inspect a monastery, nor even send a policeman to arrest a criminal who had taken shelter within its walls. Archbishops and bishops, powerful as they were, found their authority cease when they entered the gates of a Benedictine or Dominican abbey. 15

So utterly have times changed, that with your utmost exertions you will hardly be able to picture to yourselves the Catholic Church in the days of its greatness. Our school-books tell us how the Emperor of Germany held the stirrup for Pope Gregory the Seventh to mount his mule; how our own English Henry Plantagenet walked barefoot through the streets of Canterbury, and knelt in the Chapter House for the monks to flog him. The first of these incidents, I was brought up to believe, proved the Pope to be the man of Sin. Anyhow, they are both facts, and not romances; and you may form some notion from them how high in the world's eyes the Church must have stood. 25

And be sure it did not achieve that proud position without deserving it. The Teutonic and Latin princes were not credulous fools; and when they submitted, it was to something stronger than themselves—stronger in limb and muscle, or stronger in intellect and character.

So the Church was in its vigour: so the Church was *not* at the opening of the sixteenth century.

ENGLAND'S FORGOTTEN WORTHIES.

ELIZABETH, whose despotism was as peremptory as that of the Plantagenets, and whose ideas of the English constitution were limited in the highest degree, was, notwithstanding, more beloved by her subjects than any sovereign before or since. It was because, substantially, she was the people's sovereign; because it was given to her to conduct the outgrowth of the national life through its crisis of change, and the weight of her great mind and her great place were thrown on the people's side. She was able to paralyse the dying efforts with which, if a Stuart had been on the throne, the representatives of an effete system might have made the struggle a deadly one; and the history of England is not the history of France, because the resolution of one person held the Reformation firm till it had rooted itself in the heart of the nation, and could not be again overthrown. The Catholic faith was no longer able to furnish standing ground on which the English or any other nation could live a manly and a godly life. Feudalism, as a social organisation, was not any more a system under which their energies could have scope to move. Thenceforward, not the Catholic Church, but any man to whom God had given a heart to feel and a voice to speak, was to be the teacher to whom men were to listen; and great actions were not to remain the privilege of the families of the Norman nobles, but were to be laid within the reach of the poorest plebeian who had the stuff in him to perform them. Alone, of all the sovereigns in Europe, Elizabeth saw the change which had passed over the world. She saw it, and saw it in

faith, and accepted it. The England of the Catholic Hierarchy
 and the Norman Baron, was to cast its shell and to become
 the England of free thought and commerce and manufacture,
 which was to plough the ocean with its navies, and sow its
 colonies over the globe; and the first appearance of these 5
 enormous forces and the light of the earliest achievements of
 the new era shines through the forty years of the reign of
 Elizabeth with a grandeur which, when once its history is
 written, will be seen to be among the most sublime phenomena
 which the earth as yet has witnessed. The work was not of 10
 her creation, the heart of the whole English nation was stirred
 to its depths; and Elizabeth's place was to recognise, to love,
 to foster, and to guide. The Government originated nothing;
 at such a time it was neither necessary nor desirable that it
 should do so, but wherever expensive enterprises were on 15
 foot which promised ultimate good, and doubtful immediate
 profit, we never fail to find among the lists of contributors the
 queen's majesty, Burghley, Leicester, Walsingham. Never
 chary of her presence, for Elizabeth could afford to condescend,
 when ships were fitting in the river for distant voyages, the 20
 queen would go down in her barge and inspect. Frobisher,
 who was but a poor sailor adventurer, sees her wave her
 handkerchief to him from the Greenwich Palace windows, and
 he brings her home a narwhal's horn for a present. She
 honoured her people, and her people loved her; and the result 25
 was that, with no cost to the Government, she saw them
 scattering the fleets of the Spaniards, planting America with
 colonies, and exploring the most distant seas. Either for
 honour or for expectation of profit, or from that unconscious
 necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do 30
 what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had
 the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to
 command one, laid their abilities together and went out to
 pioneer, and to conquer, and to take possession, in the name
 of the Queen of the Sea. There was no nation so remote but 35

what some one or other was found ready to undertake an expedition there, in the hope of opening a trade; and, let them go where they would, they were sure of Elizabeth's countenance. We find letters written by her, for the benefit of nameless adventurers, to every potentate of whom she had ever heard—to the Emperors of China, Japan, and India, the Grand Duke of Russia, the Grand Turk, the Persian "Sofee," and other unheard-of Asiatic and African princes; whatever was to be done in England, or by Englishmen, Elizabeth assisted when she could, and admired when she could not

The springs of great actions are always difficult to analyse—impossible to analyse perfectly—possible to analyse only very proximately; and the force by which a man throws a good action out of himself is invisible and mystical, like that which brings out the blossom and the fruit upon the tree. The motives which we find men urging for their enterprises seem often insufficient to have prompted them to so large a daring. They did what they did from the great unrest in them which made them do it, and what it was may be best measured by the results in the present England and America.

Nevertheless, there was enough in the state of the world, and in the position of England, to have furnished abundance of conscious motive, and to have stirred the drowsiest minister of routine.

Among material occasions for exertion, the population began to outgrow the employment, and there was a necessity for plantations to serve as an outlet. Men who, under happier circumstances, might have led decent lives, and done good service, were now driven by want to desperate courses—"witness," as Richard Hakluyt says, "twenty tall fellows hanged last Rochester assizes for small robberies"; and there is an admirable paper addressed to the Privy Council by Christopher Carlile, Walsingham's son-in-law, pointing out the possible openings to be made in or through such plantations for home produce and manufacture.

Far below all such prudential economies and mercantile ambitions, however, lay a chivalrous enthusiasm which in these dull days we can hardly, without an effort, realise. The life-and-death wrestle between the Reformation and the old religion had settled in the last quarter of the sixteenth century 5 into a permanent struggle between England and Spain. France was disabled. All the help which Elizabeth could spare barely enabled the Netherlands to defend themselves. Protestantism, if it conquered, must conquer on another field; and by the circumstances of the time the championship of the 10 reformed faith fell to the English sailors. The sword of Spain was forged in the gold-mines of Peru; the legions of Alva were only to be disarmed by intercepting the gold ships on their passage; and, inspired by an enthusiasm like that which four centuries before had precipitated the chivalry of 15 Europe upon the East, the same spirit which in its present degeneracy covers our bays and rivers with pleasure yachts, then fitted out armed privateers, to sweep the Atlantic, and plunder and destroy Spanish ships wherever they could meet them. 20

Thus, from a combination of causes, the whole force and energy of the age was directed towards the sea. The wide excitement, and the greatness of the interests at stake, raised even common men above themselves; and people who in ordinary times would have been no more than mere seamen, 25 or mere money-making merchants, appear before us with a largeness and greatness of heart and mind in which their duties to God and their country are alike clearly and broadly seen and felt to be paramount to every other.

Ordinary English traders we find fighting Spanish war-30 ships in behalf of the Protestant faith. The cruisers of the Spanish main were full of generous eagerness for the conversion of the savage nations to Christianity. And what is even more surprising, sites for colonisation were examined and scrutinised by such men in a lofty statesman-like spirit, and a 35

ready insight was displayed by them into the indirect effects of a wisely-extended commerce on every highest human interest.

Again, in the conflict with the Spaniards, there was a further feeling, a feeling of genuine chivalry, which was spurring on the English, and one which must be well understood and well remembered, if men like Drake, and Hawkins, and Raleigh are to be tolerably understood. One of the English reviews, a short time ago, was much amused with a story of Drake having excommunicated a petty officer as a punishment 10 for some moral offence; the reviewer not being able to see in Drake, as a man, anything more than a highly brave and successful buccaneer, whose pretences to religion might rank with the devotion of an Italian bandit to the Madonna. And so Hawkins, and even Raleigh, are regarded by superficial per- 15 sons, who see only such outward circumstances of their history as correspond with their own impressions. The high nature of these men, and the high objects which they pursued, will only rise out and become visible to us as we can throw ourselves back into their times and teach our hearts to feel as 20 they felt. We do not find in the language of the voyagers themselves, or of those who lent them their help at home, any of that weak watery talk of "protection of aborigines," which, as soon as it is translated into fact, becomes the most active policy for their destruction, soul and body. But the 25 stories of the dealings of the Spaniards with the conquered Indians, which were widely known in England, seem to have affected all classes of people, not with pious passive horror, but with a genuine human indignation. A thousand anecdotes in detail we find scattered up and down the pages of 30 Hakluyt, who, with a view to make them known, translated Peter Martyr's letters; and each commonest sailor-boy who had heard these stories from his childhood among the tales of his father's fireside, had longed to be a man, that he might go out and become the avenger of a gallant and suffering people. 35

A high mission, undertaken with a generous heart, seldom fails to make those worthy of it to whom it is given; and it was a point of honour, if of nothing more, among the English sailors, to do no discredit by their conduct, to the greatness of their cause. The high courtesy, the chivalry of the Spanish nobles, so conspicuous in their dealings with their European rivals, either failed to touch them in their dealings with uncultivated idolaters, or the high temper of the aristocracy was unable to restrain or to influence the masses of the soldiers. It would be as ungenerous as it would be untrue, to charge upon their religion the grievous actions of men who called themselves the armed missionaries of Catholicism, when the Catholic priests and bishops were the loudest in the indignation with which they denounced them. But we are obliged to charge upon it that slow and subtle influence so inevitably exercised by any religion which is divorced from life, and converted into a thing of form, or creed, or ceremony, or system—which could permit the same men to be extravagant in a sincere devotion to the Queen of Heaven, whose entire lower nature, unsubdued and unaffected, was given up to thirst of gold, and plunder, and sensuality. If religion does not make men more humane than they would be without it, it makes them fatally less so; and it is to be feared that the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, which had oscillated to the other extreme, and had again crystallised into a formal antinomian fanaticism, reproduced the same fatal results as those in which the Spaniards had set them their unworthy precedent. But the Elizabethan navigators, full for the most part with large kindness, wisdom, gentleness, and beauty, bear names untainted, as far as we know, with a single crime against the savages of America; and the name of England was as famous in the Indian seas as that of Spain was infamous. On the banks of the Oronoko there was remembered for a hundred years the noble captain who had come there from the great queen beyond the seas; and Raleigh speaks the language of the heart

of his country, when he urges the English statesmen to colonise Guiana, and exults in the glorious hope of driving the white marauder into the Pacific, and restoring the Incas to the throne of Peru.

"Who will not be persuaded (he says) that now at length 5 the great Judge of the world hath heard the sighs, groans, and lamentations, hath seen the tears and blood of so many millions of innocent men, women, and children, afflicted, robbed, reviled, branded with hot irons, roasted, dismembered, mangled, stabbed, whipped, racked, scalded with hot oil, put 10 to the strapado, ripped alive, beheaded in sport, drowned, dashed against the rocks, famished, devoured by mastiffs, burned, and by infinite cruelties consumed, and purposeth to scourge and plague that cursed nation, and to take the yoke of servitude from that distressed people, as free by nature as 15 any Christian?"

Poor Raleigh! if peace and comfort in this world were of much importance to him, it was in an ill day that he provoked the revenge of Spain. The strength of England was needed at the moment at its own door; the Armada came, and there 20 was no means of executing such an enterprise. And afterwards the throne of Elizabeth was filled by a Stuart, and Guiana was to be no scene of glory for Raleigh; rather, as later historians are pleased to think, it was the grave of his reputation. 25

But the hope burned clear in him through all the weary years of unjust imprisonment; and when he was a grey-headed old man, the base son of a bad mother used it to betray him. The success of his last enterprise was made the condition under which he was to be pardoned for a crime which he had not 30 committed; and its success depended, as he knew, on its being kept secret from the Spaniards. James required of Raleigh on his allegiance a detail of what he proposed, giving him at the same time his word as a king that the secret should be safe with him. The next day it was sweeping out of the port 35

of London in the swiftest of the Spanish ships, with private orders to the Governor of St. Thomas to provoke a collision when Raleigh should arrive there, which should afterwards cost him his heart's blood.

We modern readers may run rapidly over the series of epithets under which Raleigh has catalogued the Indian sufferings, hoping that they are exaggerated, seeing that they are horrible, and closing our eyes against them with swiftest haste; but it was not so when every epithet suggested a hundred familiar facts; and some of these (not resting on English prejudice, but on sad Spanish evidence, which is too full of shame and sorrow to be suspected) shall be given in this place, however old a story it may be thought; because, as we said above, it is impossible to understand the actions of these men, unless we are familiar with the feelings of which their hearts were full.

The massacres under Cortez and Pizarro, terrible as they were, were not the occasion which stirred the deepest indignation. They had the excuse of what might be called, for want of a better word, necessity, and of the desperate position of small bands of men in the midst of enemies who might be counted by millions. And in De Soto, when he burnt his guides in Florida (it was his practice, when there was danger of treachery, that those who were left alive might take warning); or in Vasco Nunnez, praying to the Virgin on the mountains of Darien, and going down from off them into the valleys to hunt the Indian caciques, and fling them alive to his bloodhounds; there was, at least, with all this fierceness and cruelty, a desperate courage which we cannot refuse to admire, and which mingles with and corrects our horror. It is the refinement of the Spaniard's cruelty in the settled and conquered provinces, excused by no danger and provoked by no resistance, the details of which witness to the infernal coolness with which it was perpetrated; and the great bearing of the Indians themselves under an oppression which

they despaired of resisting, raises the whole history to the rank of a world-wide tragedy, in which the nobler but weaker nature was crushed under a malignant force which was stronger and yet meaner than itself. Gold hunting and lust were the two passions for which the Spaniards cared; and the fate of the Indian women was only more dreadful than that of the men, who were ganged and chained to a labour in the mines which was only to cease with their lives, in a land where but a little before they had lived a free contented people, more innocent of crime than perhaps any people upon earth. If we can conceive what our own feelings would be—if, in the “development of the mammalia,” some baser but more powerful race than man were to appear upon this planet, and we and our wives and children at our own happy firesides were degraded from our freedom, and became to them what the lower animals are to us, we can perhaps realise the feelings of the enslaved nations of Hispaniola. 5

As a harsh justification of slavery, it is sometimes urged that men who do not deserve to be slaves will prefer death to the endurance of it; and that if they prize their liberty, it is always in their power to assert it in the old Roman fashion. Tried even by so hard a rule, the Indians vindicated their right; and, before the close of the sixteenth century, the entire group of the Western Islands in the hands of the Spaniards, containing, when Columbus discovered them, many millions of inhabitants, were left literally desolate from suicide. Of the anecdotes of this terrible self-immolation, as they were then known in England, here are a few out of many. 25

The first is simple, and a specimen of the ordinary method. A Yucatan cacique, who was forced with his old subjects to labour in the mines, at last “calling those miners into an house, to the number of ninety-five, he thus debateth with them :—

“ ‘My worthy companions and friends, why desire we to live any longer under so cruel a servitude? Let us now go 35

unto the perpetual seat of our ancestors, for we shall there have rest from these intolerable cares and grievances which we endure under the subjection of the unthankful. Go ye before, I will presently follow you.' Having so spoken, he held out whole handfuls of those leaves which take away life, 5 prepared for the purpose, and giving every one part thereof, being kindled to suck up the fume; who obeyed his command, the king and his chief kinsmen reserving the last place for themselves."

We speak of the crime of suicide, but few persons will see 10 a crime in this sad and stately leave-taking of a life which it was no longer possible to bear with unbroken hearts. We do not envy the Indian who, with Spaniards before him as an evidence of the fruits which their creed brought forth, deliberately exchanged for it the old religion of his country, which 15 could sustain him in an action of such melancholy grandeur.

The slave-owners finding their slaves escaping thus unprosperously out of their grasp, set themselves to find a remedy for so desperate a disease, and were swift to avail themselves of any weakness, mental or bodily, through which 20 to retain them in life. One of these proprietors being informed that a number of his people intended to kill themselves on a certain day, at a particular spot, and knowing by experience that they were too likely to do it, presented himself there at the time which had been fixed upon, and telling the 25 Indians when they arrived that he knew their intention, and that it was vain for them to attempt to keep anything a secret from him, he ended with saying, that he had come there to kill himself with them; that as he had used them ill in this world, he might use them worse in the next; "with which 30 he did dissuade them presently from their purpose". With what efficacy such believers in the immortality of the soul were likely to recommend either their faith or their God; rather, how terribly all the devotion and all the earnestness with which the poor priests who followed in the wake of the 35

conquerors laboured to recommend it were shamed and paralysed, they themselves too bitterly lament.

It was idle to send out governor after governor with orders to stay such practices. They had but to arrive on the scene to become infected with the same fever; or if any remnant of 5 Castilian honour, or any faintest echoes of the faith which they professed, still flickered in a few of the best and noblest, they could but look on with folded hands in ineffectual mourning; they could do nothing without soldiers, and the soldiers were the worst offenders. Hispaniola became a desert; the gold 10 was in the mines, and there were no slaves left remaining to extract it. One means which the Spaniards dared to employ to supply the vacancy, brought about an incident which in its piteous pathos exceeds any story we have ever heard. Crimes and criminals are swept away by time, nature finds an anti- 15 dote for their poison, and they and their ill consequences alike are blotted out and perish. If we do not forgive the villain at least we cease to hate him, as it grows more clear to us that he injures none so deeply as himself. But the *θηριώδης κακία*, the enormous wickedness by which humanity itself has been 20 outraged and disgraced, we cannot forgive; we cannot cease to hate that; the years roll away, but the tints of it remain on the pages of history, deep and horrible as the day on which they were entered there.

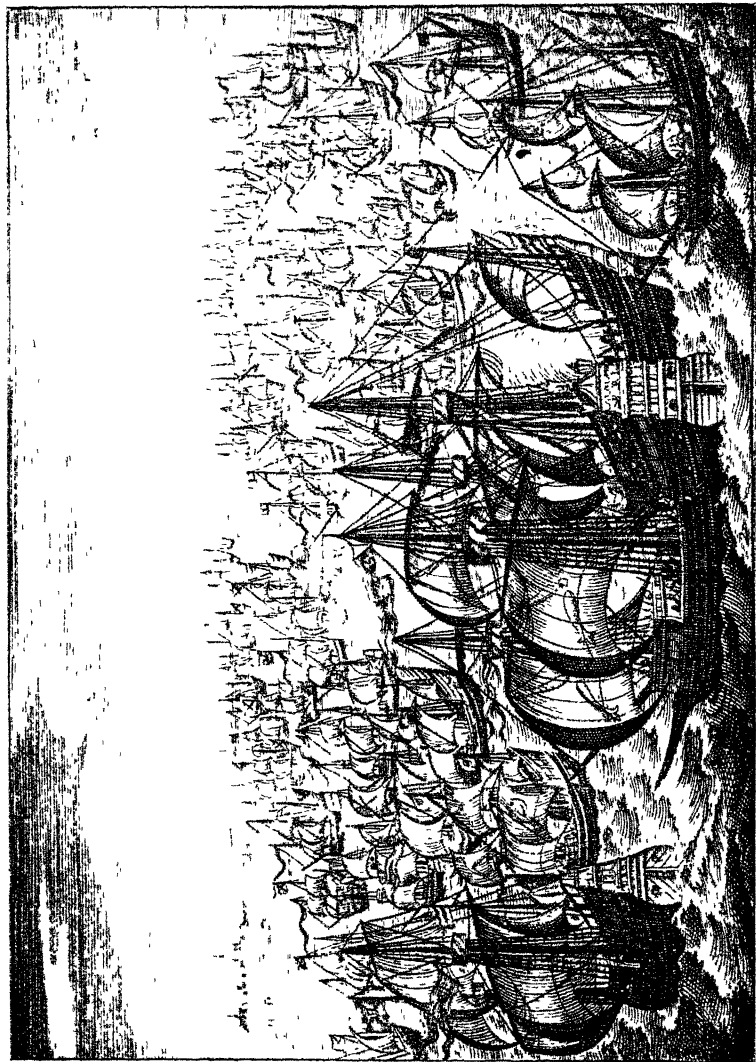
"When the Spaniards understood the simple opinion of the 25 Yucatan islanders concerning the souls of their departed, which, after their sins purged in the cold northern mountains should pass into the south, to the intent that, leaving their own country of their own accord, they might suffer themselves to be brought to Hispaniola, they did persuade those poor 30 wretches, that they came from those places where they should see their parents and children, and all their kindred and friends that were dead, and should enjoy all kinds of delights with the embracements and fruition of all beloved beings. And they, being infected and possessed with these 35

crafty and subtle imaginations, singing and rejoicing left their country, and followed vain and idle hope. But when they saw that they were deceived, and neither met their parents nor any that they desired, but were compelled to undergo grievous sovereignty and command, and to endure cruel and 5 extreme labour, they either slew themselves, or, choosing to famish, gave up their fair spirits, being persuaded by no reason or violence to take food. So these miserable Yucatans came to their end."

It was once more as it was in the days of the Apostles 10 The New World was first offered to the holders of the old traditions. They were the husbandmen first chosen for the new vineyard, and blood and desolation were the only fruits which they reared upon it. In their hands it was becoming a kingdom, not of God, but of the devil, and a sentence of 15 blight went out against them and against their works. How fatally it has worked, let modern Spain and Spanish America bear witness. We need not follow further the history of their dealings with the Indians. For their colonies, a fatality appears to have followed all attempts at Catholic colonisation. 20 Like shoots from an old decaying tree which no skill and no care can rear, they were planted, and for a while they might seem to grow; but their life was never more than a lingering death, a failure, which to a thinking person would outweigh in the arguments against Catholicism whole libraries of fault- 25 less *catenas*, and a *consensus patrum* unbroken through fifteen centuries for the supremacy of St. Peter.

There is no occasion to look for superstitious causes to explain the phenomenon. The Catholic faith had ceased to be the faith of the large mass of earnest thinking capable 30 persons; and to those who can best do the work, all work in this world sooner or later is committed. America was the natural home for Protestants; persecuted at home, they sought a place where they might worship God in their own way, without danger or stake or gibbet, and the French 35

Huguenots, as afterwards the English Puritans, early found their way there. The fate of a party of Coligny's people, who had gone out as settlers, shall be the last of these stories, illustrating, as it does in the highest degree, the wrath and fury with which the passions on both sides were boiling. A certain John Ribault, with about 400 companions, had emigrated to Florida. They were quiet inoffensive people, and lived in peace there several years, cultivating the soil, building villages, and on the best possible terms with the natives. Spain was at the time at peace with France; we are, therefore, to suppose that it was in pursuance of the great crusade, in which they might feel secure of the secret, if not the confessed, sympathy of the Guises, that a powerful Spanish fleet bore down upon this settlement. The French made no resistance, and they were seized and flayed alive, and their bodies hung out upon the trees, with an inscription suspended over them, "Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics". At Paris all was sweetness and silence. The settlement was tranquilly surrendered to the same men who had made it the scene of their atrocity; and two years later, 500 of the very Spaniards who had been most active in the murder were living there in peaceable possession, in two forts which their relation with the natives had obliged them to build. It was well that there were other Frenchmen living, of whose consciences the Court had not the keeping, and who were able on emergencies to do what was right without consulting it. A certain privateer, named Dominique de Gourges, secretly armed and equipped a vessel at Rochelle, and stealing across the Atlantic and in two days collecting a strong party of Indians, he came down suddenly upon the forts, and, taking them by storm, slew or afterwards hanged every man he found there, leaving their bodies on the trees on which they had hanged the Huguenots, with their own inscription reversed against them,—"Not as Spaniards, but as murderers". For which exploit, well deserving of all honest men's praise, Dominique de



SIXTEENTH CENTURY SHIPS

Gourges had to fly his country for his life; and, coming to England, was received with honourable welcome by Elizabeth.

It was at such a time, and to take their part amidst such scenes as these, that the English navigators appeared along the shores of South America, as the armed soldiers of the Reformation, and as the avengers of humanity. As their enterprise was grand and lofty, so for the most part was the manner in which they bore themselves worthy of it. They were no nation of saints, in the modern sentimental sense of that word; they were prompt, stern men—more ready ever to strike an enemy than to parley with him; and, private adventurers as they all were, it was natural enough that private rapacity and private badness should be found among them as among other mortals. Every Englishman who had the means was at liberty to fit out a ship or ships, and if he could produce tolerable vouchers for himself, received at once a commission from the Court. The battles of England were fought by her children, at their own risk and cost, and they were at liberty to repay themselves the expense of their expeditions by plundering at the cost of the national enemy. Thus, of course, in a mixed world, there were found mixed marauding crews of scoundrels, who played the game which a century later was played with such effect by the pirates of the Tortugas. Negro hunters, too, there were, and a bad black slave trade—in which Elizabeth herself, being hard driven for money, did not disdain to invest her capital—but on the whole, and in the war with the Spaniards as in the war with the elements, the conduct and character of the English sailors, considering what they were and the work which they were sent to do, presents us all through that age with such a picture of gallantry, disinterestedness, and high heroic energy, as has never been overmatched; the more remarkable, as it was the fruit of no drill or discipline, no tradition, no system, no organised training, but was the free native growth of a noble virgin soil.

Before starting on an expedition, it was usual for the crew and the officers to meet and arrange among themselves a series of articles of conduct, to which they bound themselves by a formal agreement, the entire body itself undertaking to see to their observance. It is quite possible that strong religious profession, and even sincere profession, might be accompanied, as it was in the Spaniards, with everything most detestable. It is not sufficient of itself to prove that their actions would correspond with it, but it is one among a number of evidences; and coming as most of these men come before us, with hands clear of any blood but of fair and open enemies, their articles may pass at least as indications of what they were.

Here we have a few instances:—

Richard Hawkins's ship's company was, as he himself informs us, an unusually loose one. Nevertheless, we find them "gathered together every morning and evening to serve God"; and a fire on board, which only Hawkins's presence of mind prevented from destroying ship and crew together, was made use of by the men as an occasion to banish swearing out of the ship.

"With a general consent of all our company, it was ordained that there should be a palmer or ferula which should be in the keeping of him who was taken with an oath; and that he who had the palmer should give to every one that he tookswearing, a palmada with it and the ferula; and whosoever at the time of evening or morning prayer was found to have the palmer, should have three blows given him by the captain or the master; and that he should still be bound to free himself by taking another, or else to run in danger of continuing the penalty, which being executed a few days, reformed the vice, so that in three days together was not one oath heard to be sworn."

The regulations for Luke Fox's voyage commenced thus:—

"For as much as the good success and prosperity of every

action doth consist in the due service and glorifying of God, knowing that not only our being and perservation, but the prosperity of all our actions and enterprises, do immediately depend on His Almighty goodness and mercy ; it is provided—

5

“First, that all the company, as well officers as others, shall duly repair every day twice at the call of the bell to hear public prayers to be read, such as are authorised by the Church, and that in a godly and devout manner, as good Christians ought.

10

“Secondly, that no man shall swear by the name of God, or use any profane oath, or blaspheme His holy name.”

To symptoms such as these, we cannot but assign a very different value when they are the spontaneous growth of common minds, unstimulated by sense of propriety or rules of the service, or other official influence, lay or ecclesiastic, from what attaches to the somewhat similar ceremonials in which, among persons whose position is conspicuous, important enterprises are now and then inaugurated.

We have said as much as we intend to say of the treatment by the Spaniards of the Indian women. Sir Walter Raleigh is commonly represented by historians as rather defective, if he was remarkable at all, on the moral side of his character. Yet Raleigh can declare proudly, that all the time he was on the Oronoko, “neither by force nor other means had any of his men intercourse with any woman there”, and the narrator of the incidents of Raleigh’s last voyage acquaints his correspondent “with some particulars touching the government of the fleet, which, although other men in their voyages doubtless in some measure observed, yet in all the great volumes which have been written touching voyages, there is no precedent of so godly severe and martial government, which not only in itself is laudable and worthy of imitation, but is also fit to be written and engraven on every man’s soul that coveteth to do honour to his country”.

35

Once more, the modern theory of Drake is, as we said above, that he was a gentleman-like pirate on a large scale, who is indebted for the place which he fills in history to the indistinct ideas of right and wrong prevailing in the unenlightened age in which he lived, and who therefore demands 5 all the toleration of our own enlarged humanity to allow him to remain there. Let us see how the following incident can be made to coincide with this hypothesis :—

A few days after clearing the Channel on his first great voyage, he fell in with a small Spanish ship, which he took 10 for a prize. He committed the care of it to a certain Mr. Doughtie, a person much trusted by, and personally very dear to him, and this second vessel was to follow him as a tender.

In dangerous expeditions into unknown seas, a second smaller ship was often indispensable to success; but many 15 finely intended enterprises were ruined by the cowardice of the officers to whom such ships were entrusted; who shrank as danger thickened, and again and again took advantage of darkness or heavy weather to make sail for England and forsake their commander. Hawkins twice suffered in this way; so 20 did Sir Humfrey Gilbert; and, although Drake's own kind feeling for his old friend has prevented him from leaving an exact account of his offence, we gather from the scattered hints which are let fall, that he, too, was meditating a similar piece of treason. However, it may or may not have been thus. But 25 when at Port St. Julien "our General," says one of the crew, "began to inquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughtie, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby, without redresse, the success of the voyage might 30 greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Mr. Doughtie's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true, which, when our General saw, although his private affection 35

to Mr. Doughtie (as he then, in the presence of us all, sacredly protested) was great, yet the care which he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of Her Majesty, and of the honour of his country, did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man; so that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our law in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughtie should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr Fletcher, our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action, which, being done, and the place of execution made ready, he, having embraced our General, and taken leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverent sort, and so with good contentment every man went about his business."

The simple majesty of this anecdote can gain nothing from any comment which we might offer upon it. The crew of a common English ship organising, of their own free motion, on that wild shore, a judgment hall more grand and awful than any most elaborate law court, is not to be reconciled with the pirate theory. Drake, it is true, appropriated and brought home a million and a half of Spanish treasure, while England and Spain were at peace. He took that treasure because for many years the officers of the Inquisition had made free at their pleasure with the lives and goods of English merchants and seamen. The King of Spain, when appealed to, had

replied that he had no power over the Holy House ; and it was necessary to make the King of Spain, or the Inquisition, or whoever were the parties responsible, feel that they could not play their pious pranks with impunity. When Drake seized the bullion at Panama, he sent word to the viceroy that he should now learn to respect the properties of English subjects, and he added, that if four English sailors, who were prisoners in Mexico, were molested, he would execute 2,000 Spaniards and send the viceroy their heads. Spain and England were at peace, but Popery and Protestantism were at war—deep, deadly, and irreconcilable. 5

Wherever we find them, they are still the same. In the courts of Japan or of China ; fighting Spaniards in the Pacific, or prisoners among the Algerines ; founding colonies which by-and-by were to grow into enormous Transatlantic republics, 15 or exploring in crazy pinnaces the fierce latitudes of the Polar seas,—they are the same indomitable God-fearing men whose life was one great liturgy. “The ice was strong, but God was stronger,” says one of Frobisher’s men, after grinding a night and a day among the icebergs, not waiting for God to come down and split the ice for them, but toiling through the long hours, himself and the rest fending off the vessel with poles and planks, with death glaring at them out of the rocks. Icebergs were strong, Spaniards were strong, and storms, and corsairs, and rocks and reefs, which no chart had then noted 20— they were all strong ; but God was stronger, and that was all which they cared to know.

Out of the vast number of illustrations it is difficult to make wise selections, but the attention floats loosely over generalities, and only individual instances can seize it and hold it fast. 30 We shall attempt to bring our readers face to face with some of these men ; not, of course, to write their biographies, but to sketch the details of a few scenes, in the hope that they may tempt those under whose eyes they may fall to look for themselves to complete the perfect figure. 35

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset. And here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man, of whom we shall presently speak more closely, could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common

bigness"; inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonisation and extended markets for home manufactures. Gilbert was examined before the queen's majesty and the Privy Council, and the record of his examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and that America therefore is necessarily an island. The Gulf Stream, which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, Gilbert believing, in common with almost every one of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, and the land to the south was unbroken to the Pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes:—

"The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the coloured clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure."

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them; but we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him:—

"Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.

"Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, Wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*." 5

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which more or less 10 great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45° to 50° North 15—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went. 20

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author. But Sir Humfrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in 25 the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons 30 (this ship deserted off the Land's End); the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add, that if in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned 35

a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

"We were in all (says Mr. Hayes) 260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurements of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there; 10 and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* 15 and the *Golden Hinde*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, 20 in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August.

"The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, 25 like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and hautboys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells."

Two days after came the storm; the *Delight* struck 30 upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humfrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her; at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter, he was never to need them. The *Golden* 35

Hinde and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England 5

"So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion, 10 to our seeming, in shape, hair, and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather, sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but confidently 15 showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bidde us farewell, coming right against 20 the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinions others had thereof, and chiefly the General himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for 25 *Bonum Omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil."

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil; men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labour for 30 God and for right, they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea-lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it 35

requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and 5 who was passing to his reward. The 2nd of September the General came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us". He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers, but he was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new ex-10 pedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold-mines still occupying the minds of Mr Hayes and others, they were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, 15 of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold-mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs. 20

"Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold), (continues Mr. Hayes), to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his 25 friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—"I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I 30 have passed so many storms and perils'."

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise". Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our mainyard an apparition 35

of a little fier by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

"Monday the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, 5 sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, and I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about 10 twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The General was cast away,' which was too true. 15

"Thus faithfully (concludes Mr. Hayes, in some degree rising above himself) I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto 20 the service of God and Christian piety, those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these North-Western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both 25 in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

"Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image 30 of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired."

Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert; still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of 35



SIR HUMPHRY GILBERT.

a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries. but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion! We have glimpses of him a few years earlier, when he won his spurs in Ireland—won them by deeds which to us seem 5 terrible in their ruthlessness, but which won the applause of Sir Henry Sidney as too high for praise or even reward. Chequered like all of us with lines of light and darkness, he was, nevertheless, one of a race which has ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same 10 blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

Our space is sadly limited for historical portrait painting; but we must find room for another of that Greenaway party 15 whose nature was as fine as that of Gilbert, and who intellectually was more largely gifted. The latter was drowned in 1583. In 1585 John Davis left Dartmouth on his first voyage into the Polar sea; and twice subsequently he went again, venturing in small ill-equipped vessels of thirty or forty tons 20 into the most dangerous seas. These voyages were as remarkable for their success as for the daring with which they were accomplished, and Davis's epitaph is written on the map of the world, where his name still remains to commemorate his discoveries. Brave as he was he is distinguished by a 25 peculiar and exquisite sweetness of nature, which, from many little facts of his life, seems to have affected every one with whom he came in contact in a remarkable degree. We find men, for the love of Master Davis, leaving their firesides to sail with him, without other hope or motion; we find silver bullets 30 cast to shoot him in a mutiny, the hard rude natures of the mutineers being awed by something in his carriage which was not like that of a common man. He has written the account of one of his northern voyages himself; one of those, by-the-by, which the Hakluyt Society have mutilated; and there is 35

an imaginative beauty in it, and a rich delicacy of expression, which is called out in him by the first sight of strange lands and things and people.

To show what he was, we should have preferred, if possible, to have taken the story of his expedition into the South Seas, 5 in which, under circumstances of singular difficulty, he was deserted by Candish, under whom he had sailed; and after inconceivable trials from famine, mutiny, and storm, ultimately saved himself and his ship, and such of the crew as had chosen to submit to his orders. But it is a long history, and 10 will not admit of being curtailed. As an instance of the stuff of which it was composed, he ran back in the black night in a gale of wind through the Straits of Magellan, *by a chart which he had made with the eye in passing up*. His anchors were lost or broken; the cables were parted. He could not 15 bring up the ship; there was nothing for it but to run, and he carried her safe through along a channel often not three miles broad, sixty miles from end to end, and twisting like the reaches of a river.

For the present, however, we are forced to content ourselves 20 with a few sketches out of the north-west voyages. Here is one, for instance, which shows how an Englishman could deal with the Indians. Davis had landed at Gilbert's Sound, and gone up the country exploring. On his return he found his crew loud in complaints of the thievish propensities of the 25 natives, and urgent to have an example made of some of them. On the next occasion he fired a gun at them with blank cartridge; but their nature was still too strong for them.

"Seeing iron (he says), they could in no case forbear stealing; which, when I perceived, it did but minister to me occasion of laughter to see their simplicity, and I willed that they should not be hardly used, but that our company should be more diligent to keep their things, supposing it to be very hard in so short a time to make them know their evils."

In his own way, however, he took an opportunity of ad- 35

ministering a lesson to them of a more wholesome kind than could be given with gunpowder and bullets. Like the rest of his countrymen, he believed the savage Indians in their idolatries to be worshippers of the devil. "They are witches," he says; "they have images in great store, and use many kinds of enchantments." And these enchantments they tried on one occasion to put in force against himself and his crew.

"Being on shore on the 4th day of July, one of them made a long oration, and then kindled a fire, into which with many strange words and gestures he put divers things, which we supposed to be a sacrifice. Myself and certain of my company standing by, they desired us to go into the smoke. I desired them to go into the smoke, which they would by no means do. I then took one of them and thrust him into the smoke, and willed one of my company to tread out the fire, and spurn it into the sea, which was done to show them that we did condemn their sorceries."

It is a very English story—exactly what a modern Englishman would do; only, perhaps, not believing that there was any real devil in the case, which makes a difference. However, real or not real, after seeing him patiently put up with such an injury, we will hope the poor Greenlander had less respect for the devil than formerly.

Leaving Gilbert's Sound, Davis went on to the north-west and in lat. 63° fell in with a barrier of ice, which he coasted for thirteen days without finding an opening. The very sight of an iceberg was new to all his crew; and the ropes and shrouds, though it was midsummer, becoming compassed with ice, "The people began to fall sick and faint-hearted—whereupon, very orderly, with good discretion, they entreated me to regard the safety of mine own life, as well as the preservation of theirs; and that I should not, through overbouldness, leave their widows and fatherless children to give me bitter curses.

"Whereupon, seeking counsel of God, it pleased His Divine Majesty to move my heart to prosecute that which I

hope shall be to His glory, and to the contentation of every Christian mind."

He had two vessels—one of some burthen, the other a pin-
 nace of thirty tons. The result of the counsel which he had
 sought was, that he made over his own large vessel to such as
 wished to return, and himself, "thinking it better to die with
 honour than to return with infamy," went on, with such
 volunteers as would follow him, in a poor leaky cutter, up the
 sea now in commemoration of that adventure called Davis's
 Straits. He ascended 4° North of the farthest known point, 10
 among storms and icebergs, when the long days and twi-
 light nights alone saved him from being destroyed, and,
 coasting back along the American shore, he discovered Hud-
 son's Straits, supposed then to be the long-desired entrance
 into the Pacific. This exploit drew the attention of Walsing- 15
 ham, and by him Davis was presented to Burleigh, "who was
 also pleased to show him great encouragement". If either
 these statesmen or Elizabeth had been twenty years younger,
 his name would have filled a larger space in history than a
 small corner of the map of the world; but if he was em-
 ployed at all in the last years of the century, no *vates sacer* has 20
 been found to celebrate his work, and no clue is left to guide
 us. He disappears; a cloud falls over him. He is known
 to have commanded trading vessels in the Eastern seas, and
 to have returned five times from India. But the details are 25
 all lost, and accident has only parted the clouds for a moment
 to show us the mournful setting with which he, too, went down
 upon the sea.

In taking out Sir Edward Michellthorne to India, in 1604,
 he fell in with a crew of Japanese, whose ship had been burnt, 30
 drifting at sea, without provisions, in a leaky junk. He sup-
 posed them to be pirates, but he did not choose to leave them
 to so wretched a death, and took them on board; and in a few
 hours, watching their opportunity, they murdered him.

As the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no difference, 35

it was the chance of the sea, and the ill reward of a humane action—a melancholy end for such a man—like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambushade. But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their 5 days, and few of them laid their bones in the sepulchres of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not laboured. Life with them was no summer holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was 10 welcome. Beautiful is old age—beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life, and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, 15 she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a 20 battle which no peace follows, this side the grave, which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been 25 given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves—one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given to them to drink. And so it was with the servants of 30 England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men; and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do. They did not complain, and why should we complain for them? Peace- 35

ful life was not what they desired, and an honourable death had no terrors for them. Theirs was the old Grecian spirit, and the great heart of the Theban poet lived again in them:—

Θανεῖν δ' οἷσιν ἀνδράκα, τί κέ τις ἀνάνυμον
γῆρας ἐν σκότῳ καθήμενος ἔψοι μάτῳ,
ἅπαντων καλῶν ἕμμορος ;

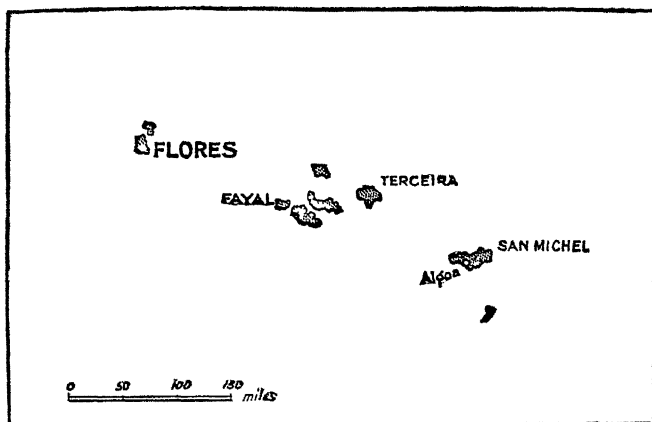
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“Seeing,” in Gilbert’s own brave words, “that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue is immortal; wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*.”

In the conclusion of these light sketches we pass into an 10 element different from that in which we have been lately dwelling. The scenes in which Gilbert and Davis played out their high natures were of the kind which we call peaceful, and the enemies with which they contended were principally the ice and the wind, and the stormy seas and the dangers of un-15 known and savage lands. We shall close amidst the roar of cannon and the wrath and rage of battle. Hume, who alludes to the engagement which we are going to describe, speaks of it in a tone which shows that he looked at it as something portentous and prodigious; as a thing to wonder at—but scarcely 20 as deserving the admiration which we pay to actions properly within the scope of humanity—and as if the energy which was displayed in it was like the unnatural strength of madness. He does not say this, but he appears to feel it; and he scarcely would have felt it if he had cared more deeply to saturate him-25 self with the temper of the age of which he was writing. At the time, all England and all the world rang with the story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people; it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than 30 the destruction of the Armada itself; and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them. Hardly, as it seems to us, if the most glorious actions which are set like jewels in the history of mankind are weighed one against the other in the balance, hardly will those 300 Spartans 35

who in the summer morning sat "combing their long hair for death" in the passes of Thermopylæ, have earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than this one crew of modern Englishmen.

In August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English 5 line-of-battle ships, six victuallers, and two or three pinnaces, was lying at anchor under the Island of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half his men disabled by sickness, Howard was unable to pursue the aggressive purpose



THE AZORES.

on which he had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews 10 were on shore: the ships themselves "all pestered and rom-maging," with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors and escape 15 as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow. Of her crew of 190, ninety were sick on shore, and, from the position of the ship, there was some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge*

was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well-known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur de Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. "He was of great revenues, of his own inheritance," they said, "but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars;" and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood-eating, he had volunteered his services to the queen; "of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here, and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down". Such Grenville was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and was remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast; and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative, and follow it in Raleigh's words) "to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship":—

"But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alledging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in spite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way: which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of

the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better ; and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing : notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded."

The wind was light ; the *San Philip*, " a huge high-carged 5 ship " of 1,500 tons, came up to windward of him, and, taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

" After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three 10 o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides 15 the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many enterchanged vollies of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made 20 divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers ; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by 25 the Armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him ; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune."

This last was a little touch of gallantry, which we should 30 be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English sailor who commanded the *George Noble* ; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, 35

but unseen through the sulphurous clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, "so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her," washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar 5 of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several Armadas had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest, "so ill approving of their entertainment, that, at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries". 10 "But as the day increased," says Raleigh, "so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the 15 success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped."

All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her 100 men killed, and a great 20 number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him; the masts were 25 lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing that 30 it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and "having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him," "commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; 35

seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as 5 they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days."

The gunner and a few others consented. But such *δαμονίη ἀρετή* was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. 10 They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1,500 of their crew were killed, and the Spanish admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the *Revenge* again, "doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown 15 up himself and them, knowing his dangerous disposition". Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain, "finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it," gained over the majority of the surviving company; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, 20 they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honourable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say, that the conditions were faithfully observed; and "the ship being marvellous unsavourie," Alonzo 25 de Baçon, the Spanish admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied that "he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not"; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and 30 reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.

The admiral used him with all humanity, "commending his valour and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved". The officers of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him; and 35

a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and the "Portugals," each claiming the honour of having boarded the *Revenge*

"In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' When he had finished these or other such-like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him "

Such was the fight at Florez, in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us, scarcely equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère could invent for the *Vengeur* Nor did the matter end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle, but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, "there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before". A fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only thirty-two ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail; and the *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.

CHENEYS AND THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, 1879.]

"THE gardener and his wife," Mr. Tennyson tells us, "laugh at the claims of long descent" If it be so, the laugh is natural, for our first parents were "*novi homines*," and could not appreciate what they did not possess Nevertheless, in all nations which have achieved any kind of eminence, particular families have stood out conspicuously for generation after generation as representatives of political principles, as soldiers or statesmen, as ruling in their immediate neighbourhoods with delegated authority, and receiving homage voluntarily offered. They have furnished the finer tissues in the corporate body of the national life, and have given to society its unity and coherence. In times of war they have fallen freely on the battlefield. In times of discord and civil strife their most illustrious members have been the first to bleed on the scaffold. An English family, it has been said, takes rank according to the number of its members which have been executed. With men, as with animals and plants, peculiar properties are propagated by breeding. Each child who has inherited a noble name feels a special call to do no dishonour to it by unworthy actions. The family falls in pieces when its characteristics disappear. But, be the cause what it may, there is no instance, ancient or modern, of any long-protracted national existence where an order of aristocracy and gentry is not to be found preserving their identity, their influence, and their privileges of birth through century after century. They have no

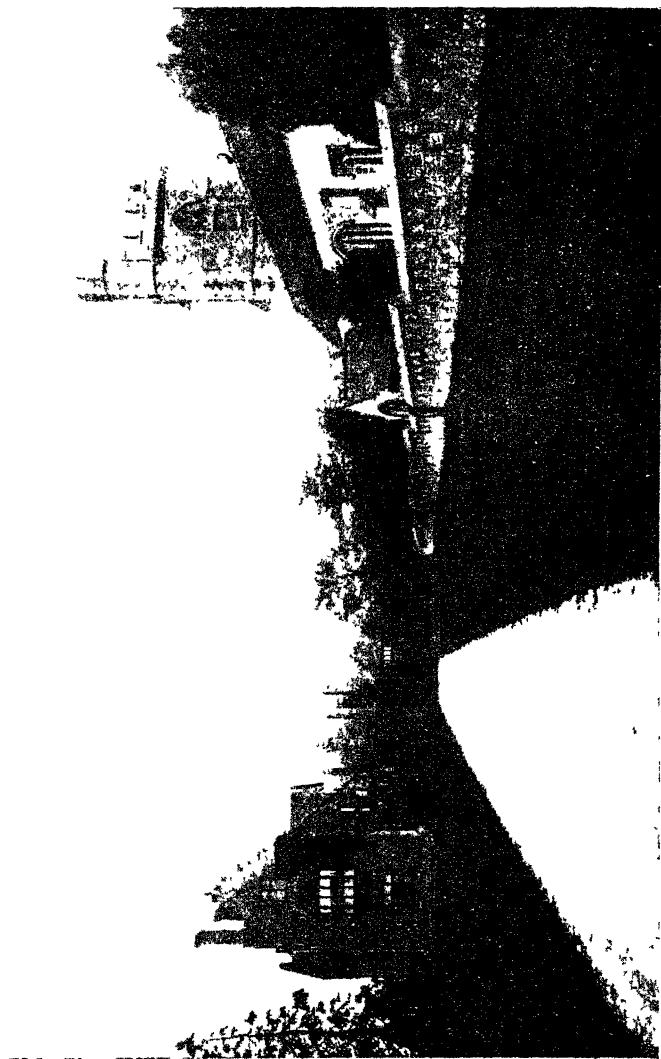
monopoly of genius. A gifted man rises out of the people, receiving his patent of nobility, as Burns said, "direct from Almighty God" He makes a name and a position for himself. But when the name is made, he hands it on, with distinction printed upon it, to his children and his children's children. 5 More is expected from the sons of eminent parents than from other men, and if the transmitted quality is genuine more comes out of them. It is not talent. Talent is but partially hereditary, if at all. The virtue that runs in the blood is superiority of courage or character; and courage and character, 10 far more than cleverness, are the conditions indispensable for national leaders. Thus without exception, in all great peoples, hereditary aristocracies have formed themselves, and when aristocracies have decayed or disappeared the State has degenerated along with them. The fall of a nobility may be a 15 cause of degeneracy, or it may only be a symptom; but the phenomenon itself is a plain matter of fact, true hitherto under all forms of political constitution, monarchic, oligarchic, or republican. Republics have held together as long as they have been strung with patrician sinews; when the sinews crack the 20 republic becomes a democracy, and the unity of the commonwealth is shivered into a heap of disconnected atoms, each following its own laws of gravitation towards its imagined interests. Athens and Rome, the Italian Republics, the great kingdoms which rose out of the wreck of the Roman Empire, 25 tell the same story. The modern Spaniard reads the records of the old greatness of his country on the tombs of the Castilian nobles, and in the ruins of their palaces. They and the glory of the Spanish race have departed together. The Alvas and the Olivarez's, the Da Leyvas and Mendozas may 30 have deserved their fall; but when they fell, and no others had arisen in their places, the nation fell also. Hitherto no great State has been able to sustain itself in a front place without aristocracy of some kind maintained on the hereditary principle. On this point the answer of history is uniform. 35

The United States may inaugurate a new experience. With the one exception of the Adams's, the great men who have shown as yet in American history have no representatives to stand at present in the front political ranks. There are no Washingtons, no Franklins, no Jeffersons, no Clays or 5 Randolphs, now governing States or leading debates in Congress. How long this will continue, how long the determination that all men shall start equal in the race of life will prevail against the instinctive tendencies of successful men to perpetuate their names, is the most interesting of political 10 problems. The American nationality is as yet too young for conclusions to be built on what it has done hitherto, or has forborne to do. We shall know better two centuries hence whether equality and the ballot-box provide better leaders for a people than the old methods of birth and training. France 15 was cut in pieces in the revolution of 1793, and flung into the Medean caldron, expecting to emerge again with fresh vitality. The rash experiment has not succeeded up to this time, and here too we must wait for what her future will bring forth. So far the nations which have democratised themselves 20 have been successful in producing indefinite quantities of money. If money and money-making will secure their stability, they may look forward hopefully--not otherwise.

We, too, have travelled far on the same road. We can continue to say, "Thank God, we have still a House of Lords," 25 but it is a House of Lords which is allowed to stand with a conditional tenure. It must follow, it must not lead, the popular will. It has been preserved rather as an honoured relic of a state of things which is passing away, than as representing any actual forces now existing. We should not dream of 30 creating a hereditary branch of legislature if we had to begin over again; being there, we let it remain as long as it is harmless. Nevertheless, great families have still a hold upon the country, either from custom or from a sense of their value. Fifty years are gone since the great democratic Reform Bill, 35

yet the hereditary peers must still give their consent to every law which passes. Their sons and cousins form a majority in the House of Commons, and even philosophic Radicals doubt if the character of the House would be improved without men there whose position in society is secured, and who can therefore afford to be patriotic. How long a privileged order will hold its ground against the tendencies of the age depends upon itself, and upon the objects which it places before itself. If those who are within the lines retain, on the whole, a superior tone to those outside, and if access to the patrician order is limited to men who have earned admission there by real merit, the Upper House will be left in spite of ballot and universal suffrage, or perhaps by means of them, for generations to come. But the outlook is not without its ugly features, and should anything happen to stir the passions of the people as they were stirred half a century ago, the English peerage would scarcely live through another storm.

Whatever future may be in store for them, the past at any rate is their own, and they are honourably proud of it. The Roman preserved in his palace the ashes of his titled ancestors, and exhibited their images in his saloons. The English noble hangs the armour which was worn at Flodden or at Crecy in his ancestral hall. The trophies and relics of generations are among the treasures of his family. The stately portraits of his sires look down upon him from the walls of his dining-room. When he dies his desire is, like the prayer of the Hebrews, to be buried in the sepulchre of his fathers. There only is the fitting and peaceful close of a life honourably spent. There the first founder of the family and his descendants rest side by side, after time has ceased for each of them, to be remembered together by the curious who spell through their epitaphs, and to dissolve themselves into common dust. Occasionally, as a more emphatic memorial, the mausoleum becomes a mortuary chapel attached to some parish church or cathedral. The original purpose was of course that a priest,



CHENEYS MANOR HOUSE AND CHURCH

specially appointed. should say masses there immediately close to the spot where their remains were lying The custom has outlived the purpose of it, and such chapels are to be met with in Protestant countries as often as in Catholic The most interesting that I ever saw is that of the Mendozas 5 in the cathedral at Burgos. It is the more affecting because the Mendozas have ceased to exist. Nothing survives of them save their tombs, which, splendid as they are, and of the richest materials, are characteristically free from meretricious ornament There lie the figures of the proudest race in the 10 whole nobility of Spain, knight and lady, prelate and cardinal. The stories of the lives of most of them are gone beyond recovery, and yet in those stone features can be read character as pure and grand as ever did honour to humanity. If a single family could produce so magnificent a group, we 15 cease to wonder how Spain was once the sovereign of Europe, and the Spanish Court the home of courtesy and chivalry.

Next in interest to the monuments of the Mendozas, and second to them only because the Mendozas themselves are gone, are the tombs of the house of Russell in the chapel at 20 Cheneys, in Buckinghamshire. The claims of the Russells to honourable memory the loudest Radical will acknowledge. For three centuries and a half they have led the way in what is called progress. They rose with the Reformation. They furnished a martyr for the Revolution of 1688. The Reform Bill is 25 connected for ever with the name of Lord John. To know the biographies of the dead Russells is to know English history for twelve generations; and if the progress with which we are so delighted leads us safely into the Promised Land, as we are bound to believe that it will, Cheneys ought 30 to become hereafter a place of pious pilgrimage.

The village stands on a chalk hill rising from the little river Ches, four miles from Rickmansworth, on the road to Amer-sham. The estate belongs to the Duke of Bedford, and is pervaded by an aspect of serene good manners, as if it was 35

always Sunday. No vulgar noises disturb the general quiet. Cricket may be played there, and bowls and such games as propriety allows—but the oldest inhabitant can never have heard an oath spoken aloud, or seen a drunken man. Dirt and poverty are equally unknown. The houses, large and 5 small, are solid and substantial, built of red brick, with high chimneys and pointed gables, and well-trimmed gardens before the doors. A Gothic fountain stands in the middle of the village green, under a cluster of tall elms, where picturesque neatly-dressed girls go for the purest water. Beyond the 10 green a road runs, on one side of which stands the church and the parsonage, on the other the remains of the once spacious manor house, which was built by the first Earl of Bedford on the site of an old castle of the Plantagenet kings. One wing of the manor house only survives, but so well constructed, and 15 of material so admirable, that it looks as if it had been completed yesterday. In a field under the window is an oak which tradition says was planted by Queen Bess. More probably it is as old as the Conquest. The entire spot, church, mansion, cottages, and people, form a piece of ancient England 20 artificially preserved from the intrusion of modern ways. No land is let on building lease in Cheneys to be disfigured by contractors' villas. No flaring shops, which such villas bring behind them, make the street hideous. A single miscellaneous store supplies the simple wants of the few inhabitants—the bars 25 of soap, the bunches of dip candles, the tobacco in ounce packets, the tea, coffee, and sugar, the balls of twine, the strips of calico. Even the bull's-eyes and gingerbread for the children are not unpermitted, if they are honestly made and warranted not to be poisonous. So light is the business that 30 the tidy woman who presides at the counter combines with it the duties of the post-office, which again are of the simplest kind. All is old-fashioned, grave and respectable. No signs are to be found of competition, of the march of intellect, of emancipation, of the divine right of each man and woman to 35

do what is good in their own eyes—of the blessed liberty which the House of Russell has been so busy in setting forward. The inhabitants of Cheney's live under authority. The voice of the Russells has been the voice of the emancipator—the hand has been the hand of the ruling noble.

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The manor house contains nothing of much interest. In itself, though a fragment, it is a fine specimen of the mason-work of the Tudor times, and if not pulled down will be standing strong as ever when the new London squares are turned to dust-heaps. With its high-pitched roofs and its clusters of curiously twisted chimneys it has served as a model for the architecture of the village, the smallest cottages looking as if they had grown from seeds which had been dropped by the central mansion

All this is pretty enough, but the attraction of the place to a stranger is the church and what it contains. I had visited it before more than once, but I wished to inspect the monuments more closely. I ran down from London, one evening in June, to the village inn, and in the morning, soon after sunrise, when I was in less danger of having the officious assistance thrust upon me of clerk or sexton, I sauntered over to see if I could enter. The keys were kept at an adjoining cottage. The busy matron was already up and at her work. When I told her that I had special permission she unlocked the church door and left me to myself. Within as without, all was order. No churchwardens, it was plain enough, had ever been allowed to work their will at Cheney's. Nay, the unchallenged loyalty of the Bedford family to constitutional liberty must have saved the church from the visits of the Commissioners of the Long Parliament. On the walls are old Catholic brasses, one representing a parish priest of the place with the date of 1512, and a scroll praying for mercy on his soul. Strange to think that this man had said mass in the very place where I was standing, and that the memory of him had been preserved by the Russells, till the wheel had

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come round again and a Catholic hierarchy had been again established in England, with its cardinals and archbishops and bishops Will mass be ever said in Cheneys again?—not the sham mass of the Ritualists, but the real thing? Who that looks on England ~~now~~ can say that it will not? And four 5 miles off is Amersham, where John Knox used to preach, and Queen Mary's inquisitors gathered their batches of heretics for Smithfield. On the pavement against the wall lies a stone figure of an old knight, finished only from the waist upwards. The knight is in his armour, his wife rests at his side; the 10 hands of both of them reverently folded Opening from the church on the north side, but private and not used for service, is the Russell Chapel. Below is the vault where the remains lie of most of the family who have borne the name for three centuries and a half. 15

On a stone tablet over the east window are the words, "This Chapel is built by Anne, Countess of Bedford, wife to John, Earl of Bedford, A.D. 1556" It was the year in which Queen Mary was most busy offering her sacrifices to persuade Providence to grant her an heir The chapel, therefore, by a curious 20 irony, must have been consecrated with Catholic ceremonies.

The earliest monument is the tomb of this Lady Anne¹ and her husband, and is one of the finest of its kind in Europe. The material is alabaster, the pink veins in the stone being abundant enough to give a purple tint to the whole construc- 25 tion. The workmanship is extremely elaborate, and belongs to a time when the temper of men was still manly and stern, and when the mediæval reverence for death was still unspoiled by insincerity and affectation. The hands are folded in the old manner. The figures are not represented as sleeping, but as 30 in a trance, with the eyes wide open. The faces are evidently careful likenesses; the earl has lost an eye in action—the lid droops over the socket as in life. His head rests on his corse-

¹Through some blunder, she is described on the monument as Lady Elizabeth.

let, his sword is at his side. He wears a light coronet and his beard falls low on his breast. The features do not denote a man of genius, but a loyal and worthy servant of the State, cautious, prudent, and thoughtful. The lady's face is more remarkable, and it would seem from the ~~pains~~ ^{parts} which have been 5 taken with it that the artist must have personally known and admired her, while the earl he may have known only by his portrait. The forehead of the Lady Anne is strong and broad, the nose large, the lips full but severely and expressively closed. She looks upward as she lies, with awe, but with a bold heart, 10 stern as a Roman matron. The head is on a cushion, but the earl's baldric would have formed as suitable a pillow for a figure so commanding and so powerful. It is a pity that we know so little of this lady. She was the daughter of Sir Guy Sapcote, of Huntingdonshire. Her mother was a Cheney, and 15 through her the Cheneys estate fell to its present owners. She had been twice married and twice a widow when her hand was sought by Sir John Russell. At that time she was in the household of Catherine of Arragon; but she had no liking for the cause which Catherine represented, or for Catherine's 20 daughter either. She died while Mary was still on the throne, but in her will she gave a significant proof that she at least had not bowed the knee when Baal was brought in again. She bequeathed her soul to Almighty God, "trusting only by the death and passion of his dear Son, Jesus Christ, to be saved". 25 This is all that can be said of the "mighty mother" of the Russells to whose side they are gathered as they fall; but if the stern portrait speaks truth, her sons have inherited gifts from her more precious by far than the broad lands in Bedford and Huntingdon.

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The Russells, or Rozels, are on the Battle Roll as having come from Normandy with the Conqueror. They played their part under the Plantagenets, not without distinction, and towards the end of the fifteenth century were a substantial family settled at Barwick, in Dorsetshire. In the year 1506, 35

John, son and heir of the reigning head of the house, had returned from a tour on the continent, bringing back with him accomplishments rare at all times with young proud Englishmen, and at that day unheard-of save among the officially-trained clergy. Besides his other acquisitions he could speak 5 French, and probably German. It happened that in that winter the Archduke Philip, with his mad wife Joanna, sister of Catherine of Arragon, was on his way from the Low Countries to Spain. As he was going down channel he was driven by a gale into Weymouth, and having been extremely 10 sea-sick, he landed to recover himself. Foreign princes are a critical species of guest. The relations of Henry VII. with Joanna's father, Ferdinand, were just then on a doubtful footing. Prince Arthur was dead. Catherine was not yet married to his brother Henry, nor was it at all certain that she 15 was to marry him; and when so great a person as the archduke, and so nearly connected with Ferdinand, had come into England uninvited, the authorities in Dorsetshire feared to let him proceed on his voyage till their master's pleasure was known. A courier was despatched to London, and meanwhile 20 Sir Thomas Trenchard, the most important gentleman in the neighbourhood, invited the whole party to stay with him at Wolverton Hall. Trenchard was Russell's cousin. His own linguistic capabilities were limited, and he sent for his young kinsman to assist in the royal visitors' entertainment. Russell 25 went, and made himself extremely useful. Henry VII. having pressed the archduke to come to him at Windsor, the archduke carried his new friend along with him, and spoke so warmly of his talents and character to the king that he was taken at once into the household. So commenced the new birth of the 30 Russell House. Most men have chances open to them at one time or another. Young Russell was one of the few who knew how to grasp opportunity by the forelock. He was found apt for any kind of service, either with pen or sword, brain or hand. He went with Henry VIII. to his first 35

campaign in France. He was at the siege of Théroutenne, and at the battle of the Spurs. For an interval he was employed in political negotiations. Then we find him one of sixteen English knights who held the lists against all comers at Paris on the marriage of Louis XII. with the Princess Mary. 5 In the war of 1522 he lost his eye at the storming of Morlaix, and was knighted for his gallantry there. Immediately afterwards he was employed by Henry and Wolsey on an intricate and dangerous service. Louis XII. was dead. The friendship between England and France was broken, and 10 Henry and his nephew, the Emperor Charles V., were leagued together against the young Francis. Charles was aiming at the conquest of Italy. Henry had his eye on the French crown, which he dreamt of recovering for himself. Francis had affronted his powerful kinsman and subject, the 15 Duke of Bourbon. Bourbon had intimated that if England would provide him with money to raise an army, he would recognise Henry as his liege lord, and John Russell was the person sent to ascertain whether Bourbon might be trusted to keep his word. Russell, it seems, was satisfied. 20 The money was provided and was committed to Russell's care, and the great powers of Europe made their first plunge into the convulsions which were to last for more than a century. Little did Henry and Charles know what they were doing, or how often they would change partners before the game was 25 over. Bourbon invaded Provence, Sir John Russell attending upon him with the English treasure. The war rolled across the Alps, and Russell saw the great battle fought at Pavia, where France lost all save honour, and the French king was the prisoner of the emperor. 30

Then, if ever, was the time for Henry's dream to have been accomplished; but it became too clear that the throne of France was not at Bourbon's disposition, and that even if he had been willing and able to keep his word the emperor had no intention of allowing him to keep it Henry and Wolsey 35

had both been foiled in the object nearest to their hearts, for Henry could not take the place of Francis, and Wolsey, who had meant to be Pope, saw the Cardinal de Medici chosen instead of him. So followed a shift of policy. Charles V. was now the danger to the rest of Europe. Henry joined 5 himself with France against his late ally. Francis was to be liberated from his Spanish prison, and was to marry Henry's daughter. Catherine of Arragon was to be divorced, and Henry was to marry a French princess, or some one else in the French interest. The adroit Russell in Italy was to bring 10 Milan, Venice, and the Papacy into the new confederacy. An ordinary politician looking then at the position of the pieces on the European chess-board, would have said that Charles, in spite of himself, would have been compelled to combine with the German princes, and to take up the cause of the 15 Reformation. The Pope was at war with him. Clement, Henry, and Francis were heartily friends. Henry had broken a lance with Luther. Bourbon's army, which had conquered at Pavia, was recruited with lanzknechts, either Lutherans or godless ruffians. Bourbon's army was now Charles's; and 20 food being scanty and pay not forthcoming, the duke was driven, like another Alaric, to fling himself upon Rome, and storm and plunder the imperial city. It is curious and touching to find Clement clinging in such a hurricane to England and Henry as his surest supports. Russell had been 25 staying with him at the Vatican on the eve of the catastrophe. He had gone home before the Germans approached, and missed being present at the most extraordinary scene in the drama of the sixteenth century, when the Holy Father, from the battlements of St. Angelo, saw his city sacked, his 30 churches pillaged, his sacred sisterhoods outraged, his cardinals led in mockery on asses' backs through the streets by wild bands, acting under the order, or in the name, of the most Catholic king.

An attitude so extravagant could not endure. A little while, 35

and the laws of spiritual attraction had forced the various parties into more appropriate relations. The divorce of Catherine went forward; the Pope fell back on Catherine's Imperial nephew. England broke with the Holy See, and the impulses which were to remodel the modern world flowed 5 into their natural channels. Russell's friend, Thomas Cromwell, became Henry's chief minister; and Russell himself, though the scheme he had been employed to forward had burst like a bubble, still rose in his sovereign's confidence. He was at Calais with Henry in 1532 when Anne Boleyn was 10 publicly received by Francis. He was active in the suppression of the monasteries, and presided at the execution of the Abbot of Glastonbury. Again, when Anne Boleyn fell into disgrace, Russell, who was now Privy Seal, was appointed with her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, to examine into the 15 charges against her. Through all the changes of Henry's later years, when the scaffold became so near a neighbour of the Royal closet, Russell remained always esteemed and trusted. At the birth of the young Edward he was made a peer, as Baron Russell of Cheneys. The year after he received the Garter. As Warden of the Stannaries he obtained the lands and mines of the suppressed Abbey of Tavistock. When his old master died he was carried on with the rising tide of the Reformation; he took Miles Coverdale for his chaplain, and obtained the Bishopric of Exeter for him. At 25 his house in the Strand was held the conference on the Eucharist, when the strangest of all human superstitions was banished for a time from the English liturgy. Lord Russell's vigorous hand suppressed the Catholic rebellion in Devonshire. The Earldom of Bedford came next. His estates grew with 30 his rank. Woburn Abbey fell to him on easy terms, for the lords of the council were first in the field, and had the pick of the spoil. Faction never tempted him out of the even road. He kept aloof from the quarrels of the Seymours and the Dudleys. When Somerset was attainted, the choicest morsel 35

of Somerset's forfeited estates—Covent Garden and “the seven acres”—was granted to the Earl of Bedford. Edward's death was a critical moment. Bedford, like the rest of his council, signed the instrument for the succession of Lady Jane Grey. Like the rest, he changed his mind when he saw Lady Jane 5 repudiated by the country. The blame of the conspiracy was thrown on the extreme Protestant faction. The moderate Liberals declared for Mary, and by retaining their places and their influence in the council set limits to the reaction, and secured the next succession to Mary's sister. Mary's 10 government became Catholic, but Russell continued Privy Seal. A rebellion broke out in Devonshire; this time a Protestant one. Bedford was the person who put it down. His last public act was to go with Lord Paget to Spain to bring a Spanish husband home for his queen. He sailed with 15 Philip from Corunna. He was at the memorable landing at Southampton, and he gave away his mistress at the marriage at Winchester. A few months later he died, after fifty years of service in the most eventful period of modern English history. His services were splendidly rewarded, and he has been 20 reproached in consequence as a trimmer and a time-server. But revolutions are only successful when they advance on a line lying between two extremes, and resulting from their compound action. To be a trimmer at such a time is to have discerned the true direction in which events are moving, and 25 to be a wise man in whom good sense is stronger than enthusiasm. John Russell's lot was cast in an era of convulsion, when Europe was split into hostile camps, when religion was a shuttlecock of faction, Catholics and Protestants, as they were alternately uppermost, sending their antagonists to 30 stake or scaffold. Russell represented the true feeling of the majority of Englishmen. They were ready to move with the age, to shake off the old tyranny of the Church, to put an end to monastic idleness, and to repudiate the authority of the Pope. But they had no inclination to substitute dogmatic 35

Protestantism for dogmatic Catholicism. They felt instinctively that theologians knew but little, after all, of the subject for which they were so eager to persecute each other, and that the world had other interests beside those which were technically called religious, and on one point through all that trying time they were specially determined, that they would have no second war in England of rival Roses, no more fields of Towton or Barnet. They would work out their reformation, since a reformation there was to be, within the law and by the forms of it, and if enthusiasts chose to break into rebellion, or even passively to refuse obedience to the law like More or Fisher, they might be admired for their generous spirit, but they were struck down without hesitation or mercy. Who shall say that the resolution was not a wise one, or that men who acted upon it are proper objects of historical invective?

The mission to Spain rounds off John Russell's story. It commenced with his introduction to Philip's grandfather. It ended with Philip's marriage to the English queen. Throughout his life his political sympathies were rather Imperial than French, as English feeling generally was. He was gone before the Marian persecution assumed its darker character; and until the stake became so busy, a wise liberal statesman might reasonably have looked on Mary's marriage with her cousin as promising peace for the country, and as a happy ending of an old quarrel.

Lady Anne lived to complete the Cheneys chapel; she died two years after her husband, and the Russells were then threatened with a change of fortune. The next earl, Francis—Francis "with the big head"—was born in 1528. His monument stands next that of his father and mother, and is altogether inferior to it. The two figures, the earl himself and the Countess Margaret, are of alabaster like the first, and though wanting in dignity, are not in themselves wholly offensive; but according to the vile taste of the seventeenth

century, they are tawdrily coloured in white and red and gold, and are lowered from the worthiness of sculpture to the level of a hair-dresser's model or of the painted Highlander at the door of a tobacco shop. Piety in England had by this time passed over to the Puritans, and Art, divorced from its proper 5 inspiration, represented human beings as no better than wearers of State clothes. The earl "with the big head" deserves a more honourable portrait of himself, or deserves at least that the paint should be washed off. He was brought forward early in public life. He was Sheriff of Bedfordshire 10 when he was nineteen. He sat in the Parliament of 1553, when the Prayer-Book was purged of idolatry. In religion, taught perhaps by his mother, he was distinctly Protestant, and when his father died he was laid hold of as suspect by Gardiner. He escaped and joined the English exiles at 15 Geneva. At the accession of Elizabeth he was called home, restored to his estates, and placed on the Privy Council, and when it pleased Mary Stuart, then Queen of France, to assume the royal arms of England, and declare herself the rightful owner of the English crown, the Earl of Bedford was sent 20 to Paris to require that ambitious lady to limit those dangerous pretensions and to acknowledge her cousin's right.

Here it was that Bedford began his acquaintance with Mary Stuart; an acquaintance which was to be renewed under more agitating conditions. At Geneva, he had been intimate 25 with the leading Reformers, Scotch as well as English. When Mary began her intrigues with the Catholic party in England, Bedford was sent to Berwick as governor, where he could keep a watch over her doings, and be in constant communication with Knox and Murray. He received and protected 30 Murray at the time of the Darnley marriage. Ruthven fled to him after the murder of Rizzio; and from Ruthven's lips Bedford wrote down the remarkable despatch, describing the details of the scene in that suite of rooms at Holyrood which has passed into our historical literature. 35

The Queen of Scots was regarded at this time by the great body of the English people as Elizabeth's indisputable heir. Catholic though she might be, her hereditary right was respected as Mary Tudor's had been, and had Elizabeth died while Darnley was alive, she would have succeeded as easily as James succeeded afterwards. When James was born he was greeted on his arrival in this world as a Prince of the Blood Royal, and Bedford was sent to Stirling to the christening with fine presents and compliments from his mistress. The shadow of the approaching tragedy hung over the ceremony. Bedford was conducted to the nursery to see the child in his cradle. Among the gifts which he had brought was a font of gold, which held the water in which James was made a Christian. Mary, in return, hung a chain of diamonds on Bedford's neck; never missing an opportunity of conciliating an English noble. But the English ambassador was startled to observe that the queen's husband seemed of less consideration in her court than the meanest footboy. The queen herself scarce spoke to him; the courtiers passed him by with disdain. Bedford set it down to the murder of Rizzio, which he supposed to be still unforgiven, and he gave Mary a kindly hint that the poor wretch had friends in England whom in prudence she would do well to remember. Two months after came Kirkcaldy's flight and then the Bothwell marriage, Carberry Hill, Lochleven, Langside, the flight to England, the seventeen years in which the caged eagle beat her wings against her prison bars, and finally, the closing scene in the hall at Fotheringhay.

As his father had supported the rights of Mary Tudor, so the second earl would have upheld the rights of Mary Stuart till she had lost the respect of the country. But after Darnley's death the general sense of England pronounced her succession to be impossible. Bedford stood loyally by his own mistress in the dangers to which she was exposed from the rage of the disappointed Catholics. He was not one of the lords of the

council who were chosen to examine the celebrated Casket letters, for he was absent at Berwick; but he sat on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk, and he joined in sending him to the scaffold. He died in 1585, two years before Mary Stuart's career was ended, but not before it was foreseen what that end must be. One other claim must not be forgotten which the second earl possesses upon the memory of Englishmen. The famous Drake was born upon his estate at Tavistock. The earl knew and respected his parents, and was godfather to their child, who derived from him the name of Francis. It was strange to feel that the actual remains of the man who had played a part in these great scenes were lying beneath the stones half a dozen yards from me. He sleeps sound, and the jangle of human discord troubles him no more.

He had two sons, neither of whom is in the vaults at 15 Cheneys. Francis, the eldest, was killed while his father was alive, in a skirmish on the Scotch border. William fought at Zutphen by the side of Philip Sydney. For five years he was Viceroy of Ireland, which he ruled at least with better success than Essex, who came after him. This William was made 20 Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, and brought a second peerage into the family. Their sister Anne was married to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the brother of Elizabeth's Leicester.

The third earl, Edward, was the son of Francis who was killed in the north, and succeeded his grandfather when a 25 boy of eleven. In him the family genius slept. He lived undistinguished and harmless, and died in 1627, having left unfulfilled even the simple duty of begetting an heir. He was followed by his cousin Francis, son of his uncle, Lord Thornhaugh, and the divided houses again became one. 30

This Francis was called the wise earl. He was a true Russell, zealous for the Constitution and the constitutional liberties of England. He had been bred a lawyer, and understood all the arts of Parliamentary warfare. At the side of Eliot, and Pym, and Selden, he fought for the Petition of 35

Right, and carried it by his own energy through the House of Lords. Naturally he made himself an object of animosity to the court, and he was sent to the Tower as a reward of his courage. They could not keep him as they kept Eliot, to die there. He was released, but the battle had to be waged with weapons which a Russell was not disposed to use. When he was released Parliamentary life in England was suspended. There was no place for a Russell by the side of Laud and Strafford, and Bedford set himself to improve his property and drain the marshes about Whittlesea and Thorney. If sold work well done, if the addition of hundreds of thousands of acres to the soil available for the support of English life, be a title to honourable remembrance, this earl ranks not the lowest in the Cheneys pantheon. He and his countess lie in the vault, with several of their children who died in childhood; they are commemorated in a monument not ungraceful in itself, were not it too daubed with paint and vulgarised by gilding. One of the little ones is a baby, a bambino swaddled round with wrappings which had probably helped to choke the infant life out of it.

The wise earl died immediately after the opening of the Long Parliament. William Russell, his eldest son, had been returned to the House of Commons along with Pym as member for Tavistock. The Bedford interest doubtless gave Pym his seat there. His father's death removed him from the stormy atmosphere of the Lower House, and he was unequal to the responsibilities which his new position threw upon him. Civil war was not a theatre on which any Russell was likely to distinguish himself, and Earl William less than any of them. The old landmarks were submerged under the deluge. He was washed from side to side, fighting alternately in the field for King and Parliament. He signed the Covenant in 1645, but he found Woburn a pleasanter place than the council chamber, and thenceforward, till Cromwell's death, he looked on and took little part in public life. Charles twice

visited him ; once on his way back to Oxford after his failure at Chester, and again in 1647 when he was in the hands of the army, then quartered between Bedford and St. Albans. It was at the time of the army manifesto, when the poor king imagined that he could play off Cromwell against the Parlia- 5
ment, and in fact was playing away his own life. After the negotiations were broken off, Charles went from Woburn to Latimers, a place close to Cheneys, from the windows of which, in the hot August days, he must have looked down on the Cheneys valley and seen the same meadows that now 10
stretch along the bottom, and the same hanging beech woods and the same river sparkling among its flags and rushes, and the cattle standing in the shallows. The world plunges on upon its way ; generation follows generation, playing its part, and then ending. The quiet earth bears with them one after 15
the other, and while all else changes, itself is changed so little.

This earl was memorable rather from what befel him than from anything which he did. He was the first duke and he was the father of Lord William, whom English constitutional history has selected to honour as its chief saint and martyr. 20
The Russells were not a family which was likely to furnish martyrs. They wanted neither courage nor general decision of character, but they were cool and prudent ; never changing their colours, but never rushing on forlorn hopes, or throwing their lives away on ill-considered enterprises. 25

Lord William, or Lord Russell, as he should be called, had perhaps inherited some exceptional quality in his blood. His mother was the beautiful Anne Carr, daughter of Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I., and of Frances Howard, the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex, the hero and heroine 30
of the great Oyer of poisoning, with its black surroundings of witchcraft and devilry. The old Earl Francis had sat upon their trial. He had been horrified when his son had proposed to marry the child of so ominous a pair. But Lady Anne was not touched by the crimes of her parents. Her 35

loveliness shone perhaps the more attractively against so dark a background. Her character must have been singularly innocent, for she grew up in entire ignorance that her mother had been tried for murder. The family opposition was reluctantly withdrawn, and young Russell married her.

5

This pair, Earl William—afterwards duke—and the Lady Anne Carr, are the chief figures in the most ostentatious monument in the Russell Chapel. They are seated opposite each other in an attitude of violent grief, their bodies flung back, their heads buried in their hands in the anguish of petrified despair. They had many children, medallions of whom are arranged on either side in perpendicular rows. In the centre is the eldest—the occasion of the sorrow so conspicuously exhibited—whose head fell in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The execution of this medallion is extremely good; the likeness—if we may judge from the extant portraits of Lord Russell—is very remarkable. The expression is lofty and distinguished, more nearly resembling that of the first countess than that of any of her other descendants, but there is a want of breadth, and the features are depressed and gloomy. It is a noble face, yet a face which tells of aspirations and convictions unaccompanied with the force which could carry them out into successful action. It stands with a sentence of doom upon it, the central object in a group of sculpture which, as a whole, is affected and hysterical. A man so sincere and so honourable deserves a simpler memorial, but it is not uncharacteristic of the pretentiousness and unreality which have been the drapery of the modern Whigs—their principles good and true in themselves, but made ridiculous by the extravagance of self-laudation.

30

Lord Russell's wife is a beautiful figure in the story, and she lies by his side in the Cheneys vault. She was Rachel Wriothesley, daughter of Lord Southampton; her mother being a De Rouvigny, one of the great Huguenot families in France. The tragedy of Lord Russell scarcely needs repeat—

35

ing The Restoration was an experiment, to try whether the liberties of England were compatible with the maintenance of a dynasty which was Catholic at heart, and was for ever leaning as far as the times would permit to an avowal of Catholic belief. Charles II. had been obliged to hide his 5 real creed, and pretend to Protestantism as a condition of his return. But the Catholic party grew daily stronger. Charles had no son, and the Duke of York was not Catholic only, but fanatically Catholic. Lord Russell led the opposition in Parliament. He shared to the bottom of his heart in the 10 old English dread and hatred of Popery. He impeached Buckingham and Arlington. He believed to the last in the reality of the Popish plot, and he accepted Oates and Dangerfield as credible witnesses. He carried a bill prohibiting Papists from sitting in Parliament. If Papists could not sit 15 in Parliament, still less ought they to be on the throne, and the House of Commons, under his influence, passed the Exclusion Bill, cutting off the Duke of York. Russell carried it with his own hands to the House of Lords, and session after session, dissolution after dissolution, he tried to force 20 the Lords to agree to it. No wonder that the Duke of York hated him, and would not spare him when he caught him tripping. When constitutional opposition failed, a true Russell would have been content to wait. But the husband of Lady Rachel drifted into something which, if not treason, 25 was curiously like it, and under the shadow of his example a plot was formed by ruder spirits to save the nation by killing both the duke and the king. Lord Russell was not privy to the Rye House affair, but he admitted that he had taken part in a consultation for putting the country in a condition to de- 30 fend its liberties by force, and the enemy against whom the country was to be on its guard was the heir to the crown.

Martyrs may be among the best of men, but they are not commonly the wisest. To them their particular theories or opinions contain everything which makes life of importance, 35

and no formula ever conceived by man is of such universally comprehensive character that it must be acted upon at all hazards and regardless of time and opportunity. The enthusiast imagines that he alone has the courage of his convictions; but there is a faith, and perhaps a deeper faith, which 5 can stand still and wait till the fruit is ripe, when it can be gathered without violence. Each has its allotted part. The noble generous spirit sacrifices itself and serves the cause by suffering. The indignation of the country at the execution of Sydney and Russell alienated England finally and fatally from 10 the House of Stuart. Lord Russell and his friend were canonised as the saints of the Revolution, but the harvest itself was gathered by statesmen of more common clay, yet perhaps better fitted for the working business of life.

Lord Russell's trial was attended with every feature which 15 could concentrate the nation's attention upon it. The Duke of York was the actual and scarcely concealed prosecutor. Lady Rachel appeared in court as her husband's secretary. It is idle to say that he was unjustly convicted. He was privy to a scheme for armed resistance to the Government, 20 and a Government which was afraid to punish him ought to have abdicated. Charles Stuart had been brought back by the deliberate will of the people. As long as he was on the throne he was entitled to defend both himself and his authority. Lord Russell was not, like Hampden, resisting an unconstitutional 25 breach of the law. He was taking precautions against a danger which he anticipated, but which had not yet arisen. A Government may be hateful, and we may admire the courage which takes arms against it; but the Government, while it exists, is not to be blamed for protecting itself with those weapons which 30 the law places in its hands.

He died beautifully. Every effort was made to save him. His father pleaded his own exertions in bringing about the Restoration. But the Duke of York was inexorable, and Lord Russell was executed. The earl was consoled after the 35

Revolution with a dukedom His mother, Lady Anne, did not live to recover from the shock of her son's death. In the midst of her wretchedness she found accidentally in a room in Woburn a pamphlet with an account of the Overbury murder. For the first time she learnt the dreadful story. She was 5 found senseless, with her hand upon the open page, and never rallied from the blow.

Lady Rachel lived far into the following century, and was a venerable old lady before she rejoined her husband. Once at least while alive Lady Rachel visited Cheneys Chapel. Her 10 foot had stood on the same stones where mine were standing; her eyes had rested on the same sculptured figures.

"I have accomplished it," she wrote, "and am none the worse for having satisfied my longing mind, and that is a little ease—such degree of it as I must look for. I had some busi- 15 ness there, for that to me precious and delicious friend desired I would make a little monument for us, and I had never seen the place. I had set a day to see it with him not three months before he was carried thither, but was prevented by the boy's illness." 20

"She would make a little monument." And out of that modest hope of hers has grown the monstrous outrage upon taste and simplicity, which we may piously hope was neither designed nor approved by the admirable Lady Rachel.

Lord Russell had pressed his devotion to the cause of liberty 25 beyond the law; another Russell has been accused of treason to the sacred traditions of the family. Edward, the youngest brother of the fourth Earl Francis, who lies with the rest at Cheneys, had a son, who was one of the few Russells that were famous in arms—the admiral who won the battle of La Hogue, 30 saved England from invasion, and was rewarded with the Earldom of Orford. Admiral Russell, like Marlborough, notwithstanding his brilliant services, was beyond doubt in correspondence with the Court of St. Germain, and equally beyond doubt held out hopes to the banished king that he might desert 35

William and carry the fleet along with him. The real history of these mysterious transactions is unknown,⁷ and, perhaps, never will be known. William was personally unpopular. His manner was ungracious. He was guilty of the unpardonable sin of being a foreigner, which Englishmen could never 5 forgive. A restoration like that of Charles II. seemed at one time, at least, one of the chances which were on the cards—and cautious politicians may not have felt they were committing any serious violation of trust in learning directly from James the securities for rational liberty which he was ready 10 to concede. The negotiation ended, however, in nothing—and it is equally likely that it was intended to end in nothing. James's own opinion was that "Admiral Russell did but delude the king with the Prince of Orange's permission". It is needless to speculate on the motives of conduct, which, if we knew 15 them, we should be unable to enter into. To the student who looks back over the past, the element of uncertainty is eliminated. When the future, which to the living man is contingent and dim, obscuring his very duties to him, has become a realised fact, no effort of imagination will enable the subsequent 20 inquirer to place himself in a position where the fact was but floating possibility. The services both of Churchill and Russell might be held great enough to save them from the censure of critics, who, in their arm-chairs at a distance of two centuries, moralise on the meannesses of great men. 25

The admiral, at any rate, is not among his kindred in the Cheney's vault. He was buried at his own home, and his peerage and his lineage are extinct.

The dukedom has made no difference in the attitude of the Bedford family. A more Olympian dignity has surrounded 30 the chiefs of the house, but they have continued, without exception, staunch friends of liberty; advocates of the things called Reform and Progress, which have taken the place of the old Protestant cause; and the younger sons have fought gallantly like their forefathers in the front ranks of the battle. 35

We may let the dukes glide by wearing the honours which democracy allows to stand, because they are gradually ceasing to have any particular meaning. We pass on to the last Russell for whom the vault at Cheneys has unlocked "its marble jaws"; the old statesman who filled so large a place 5 for half a century in English public life, whose whole existence from the time when he passed out of childhood was spent in sharp political conflict, under the eyes of the keenest party criticisms, and who carried his reputation off the stage at last unspotted by a single act which his biographers were called 10 on to palliate.

To the Tones, in the days of the Reform Bill, Lord John Russell was the tribune of an approaching violent revolution. To the Radicals he was the Moses who was leading the English nation into the promised land. The alarm and the 15 hope were alike imaginary. The wave has gone by, the crown and peerage and church and primogeniture stand where they were, and the promised land, alas! is a land not running with corn and wine, but running only with rivers of gold, at which those who drink are not refreshed. To the enthusiasts of 20 Progress the Reform Bill of 1832 was to be a fountain of life, in which society was to renew its youth like the eagle. High-born ignorance was to disappear from the great places of the nation; we were to be ruled only by Nature's aristocracy of genius and virtue; the inequalities of fortune were to be re-25 adjusted by a truer scale; and merit, and merit only, was to be the road to employment and distinction. We need not quarrel with a well-meant measure because foolish hopes were built upon it. But experienced men say that no one useful thing has been done by the Reformed Parliament which the old 30 Parliament would have refused to do; and for the rest, it begins to be suspected that the reform of which we have heard so much is not the substitution of a wise and just government for a government which was not wise and just, but the abolishment of government altogether, and the leaving each 35

individual man to follow what he calls his interest—a process under which the English people are becoming a congregation of contending atoms, scrambling every one of them to snatch a larger portion of good things than its fellow.

It is idle to quarrel with the inevitable. Each generation 5 has its work to do. Old England could continue no longer; and the problem for the statesmen of the first half of this century was to make the process of transformation a quiet and not a violent one. The business of Lord John Russell was to save us from a second edition of the French Revolution; and 10 if he thought that something higher or better would come of it than we have seen, or are likely to see, it is well that men are able to indulge in such pleasant illusions to make the road the lighter for them. The storms of his early life had long passed away before the end came. He remained the leader of the 15 Liberal party in the House of Commons during the many years in which the administration was in the Liberal hands; and he played his part with a prudence and good sense, of which we have been more conscious, perhaps, since the late absence of these qualities. Lord John Russell (or Earl 20 Russell as he became) never played with his country's interests for the advantage of his party. Calumny never whispered a suspicion either of his honour or his patriotism, and Tory and Radical alike followed him when he retired with affectionate respect. In Cheneys church there is no 25 monument of him. His statue will stand appropriately in the lobby of the House, where he fought and won his many battles. It may be said of him, as was said of Peel, that we did not realise his worth till he was taken from us. In spite of progress, we have not produced another man who can make 30 us forget his loss.

Here, too, beneath the stones, lies another pair, of whom the world spoke much, and knew but little—Earl Russell's young son, who died prematurely before his father, and that son's still younger wife. Lord Amberley also was a genuine 35

Russell, full of talent, following truth and right wherever they seemed to lead him; and had life been allowed him he too would have left his mark on his generation. He was carried away, it was said, into extreme opinions. It is no unpardonable crime. His father, too, in his young days, had admired 5 Napoleon and the French Revolution; had admired many things of which in age he formed a juster estimate. We do not augur well of the two-year-old colt whose paces are as sedate as those of an established roadster, who never rears when he is mounted, or flings out his heels in the overflow of 10 heart and spirit. Our age has travelled fast and far in new ways, tossing off traditions old as the world, as if they were no better than worn-out rags; and the ardent and hopeful Amberley galloped far in front in pursuit of what he called Liberty, not knowing that it was a false phantom which he 15 was following; not freedom at all,—but anarchy. The wise world held up its hands in horror; as if any man was ever good for anything whose enthusiasm in his youth has not outrun his understanding. Amberley, too, would have learnt his lesson had time been granted him. He would have learnt 20 it in the best of schools—by his own experience. Happy those who have died young if they have left a name as little spotted as his with grosser faults and follies.

She, too, his companion, went along with him in his philosophy of progress, each most extravagant opinion tempting 25 her to play with it. True and simple in herself, she had been bred in disdain of unreality. Transparent as air, pure as the fountain which bubbles up from below a glacier, she was encouraged by her very innocence in speculations against which a nature more earthly would have been on its guard. She so hated 30 insincerity that in mere wantonness she trampled on affectation and conventionality, and she would take up and advocate theories which, if put in practice, would make society impossible, while she seemed to me as little touched by them herself as the sea-gull's wings are wetted when it plunges into the waves.

The singular ways of the two Amberleys were the world's wonder for a season or two. The world might as well have let them alone. The actual arrangements of things are so far from excellent that young ardent minds become Radical by instinct when they first become acquainted with the world as it 5 actually is. Radicalism is tamed into reasonable limits when it has battered itself for a few years against the stubborn bars of fact, and the conversion is the easier when the Radical is the heir of an earldom. The Amberleys, who went farther than Lord Russell had ever done in the pursuit of imaginary 10 Utopias, might have recoiled farther when they learnt that they were hunting after a dream. Peace be with them. They may dream on now, where the world's idle tattle can touch them no more.

The ghostly pageant of the Russells has vanished. The 15 silent hours of the summer morning are past, and the sounds outside tell that the hamlet is awake and at its work. The quiet matron must resume the charge of the church keys, that intruders may not stray into the sanctuary unpermitted. In Catholic countries the church doors stand open; the peasant 20 pauses on his way to the fields for a moment of meditation or a few words of prayer. The kneeling figures, on a weekday morning, are more impressive than Sunday rituals or preacher's homily. It was so once here in Cheneys, in the time of the poor priest whose figure is still on the wall. Was 25 the Reformation, too, the chase of a phantom? The freedom of the Church at all events is no longer permitted here in Protestant England. I, too, must go upon my way back to the village inn, where—for such things have to be remembered—breakfast and a young companion are waiting for me. It is 30 worth while to spend a day at Cheneys, if only for the breakfast—breakfast on fresh pink trout from the Ches, fresh eggs, fresh yellow butter, cream undefiled by chalk, and home-made bread untouched with alum. The Russells have been the apostles of progress, but there is no progress in their own 35

dominion. The ducal warranty is on everything which is consumed here.

The sun was shining an hour ago. It is now raining; it rained all yesterday; the clouds are coming up from the south and the wind is soft as oil. The day is still before us, 5 and it is a day made for trout fishing. The chapel is not the only attraction at Cheneys. No river in England holds finer trout, nor trout more willing to be caught. Why fish will rise in one stream and not in another is a problem which we must wait to understand, as Bret Harte says, in "another and a 10 better world". The Ches at any rate is one of the favoured waters. Great, too, is the Duke of Bedford—great in the millions he has spent on his tenants' cottages—great in the remission of his rents in the years when the seasons are unpropitious—great in the administration of his enormous 15 property, but greater than all in the management of his fishing, for if he gives you leave to fish there, you have the stream for the day to yourself. You are in no danger of seeing your favourite pool already flogged by another sportsman, or of finding rows of figures before you fringing the river bank, 20 waving their long wands in the air, each followed by his boy with a basket and generally useless landing net. "Competition" and "greatest happiness of the greatest number" are not heard of in this antique domain. A day's fishing at Cheneys means a day by the best water in England in the 25 fisherman's paradise of solitude.

Such a day's privilege had been extended to me if I cared to avail myself of it, when I was coming down to see the chapel, and though my sporting days were over, and gun and rod had long lain undisturbed in their boxes, yet neither the 30 art of fly-fishing, nor the enjoyment of it when once acquired and tasted, will leave us except with life. The hand does not forget its cunning, and opportunity begets the inclination to use it. I had brought my fishing case along with me. Shall I stay at the inn over the day and try what can be done? 35

The rain and the prospect of another such breakfast decide it between them. The water-keeper is at the window—best of keepers—for he will accept a sandwich perhaps for luncheon, a pull from your flask, and a cigar out of your case, but other fee on no condition. The rain, he tells me, has raised the 5 water, and the large fish are on the move, the May-fly has been down for two days. They were feeding on it last evening. If the sky clears they will take well in the afternoon; but the fly will not show till the rain stops.

The Chenneys fishing is divided in the middle by a mill. 10 Below the mill the trout are in greatest numbers, but comparatively small; above it is a long still deep pool where the hugh monsters lie, and in common weather never stir till twilight. The keeper and I remember a summer evening some years ago, when at nightfall, after a burning day, the 15 glittering surface of the water was dimpled with rings, and a fly thrown into the middle of these circles was answered more than once by a rush and scream of the reel; and a struggle which the darkness made more exciting. You may as well fish on the high-road as in the mill-pool when the sun is 20 above the horizon, and even at night you will rarely succeed there; but at the beginning of the May-fly season these large fish sometimes run up to the rapid stream at the pool head to feed. This the keeper decides shall be tried if the fly comes down. For the morning he will leave me to myself. 25

Does the reader care to hear of a day's fishing in a chalk stream fifteen miles from London? As music to the deaf, as poetry to the political economist, as a mountain landscape to the London cockney, so is a chalk stream trout-fishing to those who never felt their fingers tangle as the line whistles 30 through the rings. For them I write no further; let them leave the page uncut and turn on to the next article.

Breakfast over, I start for the lower water. I have my boy with me, home for the holidays. He carries the landing net, and we splash through the rain to the mill. The river runs 35

for a quarter of a mile down under hanging bushes. As with other accomplishments when once learnt, eye and hand do the work in fly-fishing without reference to the mind for orders. The eye tells the hand how distant the bushes are, how near the casting line approaches them. If a gust of wind 5 twists it into a heap, or sweeps it towards a dangerous bough, the wrist does something on the instant which sends the fly straight and unharmed into the water. Practice gives our different organs functions like the instinct of animals, who do what their habits require, yet know not what they do. 10

The small fish take freely—some go back into the water, the few in good condition into the basket, which, after a field or two, becomes perceptibly heavier. The governor, a small humble bee, used to be a good fly at Cheneys, and so did the black alder. Neither of them is of any use to-day. 15 The season has been cold and late. The March brown answers best, with the never-failing red-spinner. After running rapidly through two or three meadows, the river opens into a broad smooth shallow, where the trout are larger, and the water being extremely clear, are especially difficult to catch. 20 In such a place as this, it is useless to throw your fly at random upon the stream. You must watch for a fish which is rising, and you must fish for him till you either catch him or disturb him. It is not enough to go below him and throw upwards, for though he lies with his head up-stream, his projecting eye looks back over his shoulders. You must hide behind a bunch of rushes. You must crawl along the grass with one arm only raised. If the sun is shining and the shadow of your rod glances over the gravel, you may get up and walk away. No fish within sight will stir then to the 30 daintiest cast.

I see a fish close to the bank on the opposite side, lazily lifting his head as a fly floats past him. It is a long throw, but the wind is fair and he is worth an effort—once, twice, three times I fail to reach him. The fourth I land the fly on 35

the far bank, and draw it gently off upon his very nose. He swirls in the water like a salmon as he sweeps round to seize it. There is a splash—a sharp jerk, telling unmistakably that something has given way. A large fish may break you honestly in weeds or round a rock or ~~swamp~~ ^{camp}, and only fate is 5 to blame, but to let yourself be broken on the first strike is unpardonable. What can have happened? Alas, the red-spinner has snapped in two at the turn—a new fly bought last week at ——'s, whose boast it has been that no fly of his was ever known to break or bend. 10

One grumbles on these occasions, for it is always the best fish which one loses; and as imagination is free, one may call him what weight one pleases. The damage is soon repaired. The basket fills fast as trout follows trout. It still rains, and I begin to think that I have had enough of it. I have 15 promised to be at the mill at midday, and then we shall see.

Evidently the sky means mischief. Black thunder-clouds pile up to the windward, and heavy drops continue falling. But there is a break in the south as I walk back by the bank—a gleam of sunshine spans the valley with a rainbow, and 20 an actual May-fly or two sails by which I see greedily swallowed. The keeper is waiting; he looks scornfully into my basket. Fish—did I call these herrings fish? I must try the upper water at all events. The large trout were feeding, but the fly was not yet properly on—we can have our 25 luncheon first.

How pleasant is luncheon on mountain-side or river's bank, when you fling yourself down on fern or heather, after your morning's work, and no daintiest *entrée* had ever such flavour as your sandwiches, and no champagne was ever so 30 exquisite as the fresh stream water just tempered from your whisky flask. Then follows the smoke, when the keeper fills his pipe at your bag, and old adventures are talked over, and the conversation wanders on through anecdotes and experiences, till, as you listen to the shrewd sense and kindly feel- 35

ing of your companion, you become aware that the steep difference which you had imagined to be created by education and habits of life had no existence save in your own conceit. Fortune is less unjust than she seems, and true hearts and clear-judging healthy minds are bred as easily in the cottage 5 as the palace.

But time runs on, and I must hasten to the end of my story. The short respite from the wet is over. Down falls the rain again; rain not to be measured by inches, but by feet, rain such as has rarely been seen in England before this 10 "*æstas mirabilis*" of 1879. It looks hopeless, but the distance by the road to the top of the water is not great. We complain if we are caught in a shower; we splash along in a deluge, in boots and waterproof, as composedly as if we were seals or otters. The river is rising and, as seldom happens with a 15 chalk stream, it is growing discoloured. Every lane is running with a brown stream, which finds its way at last into the main channel. The highest point is soon reached. The first hundred yards are shallow, and to keep the cattle from straying a high iron railing runs along the bank. Well I knew 20 that iron railing. You must stand on the lower bar to fish over it. If you hook a trout, you must play him from that uneasy perch in a rapid current among weeds and stones, and your attendant must use his landing net through the bars. Generally it is the liveliest spot in the river, but nothing 25 can be done there to day. There is a ford immediately above, into which the thick road-water is pouring, and the fish cannot see the fly. Shall we give it up? Not yet. Farther down the mud settles a little, and by this time even the road has been washed clean, and less dirt comes off it. The 30 flood stirs the trout into life and hunger, and their eyes, accustomed to the transparency of the chalk water, do not see you so quickly.

Below the shallow there is a pool made by a small weir, over which the flood is now rushing—on one side there is an 35

open hatchway, with the stream pouring through. The banks are bushy, and over the deepest part of the pool the stem of a large ash projects into the river. Yesterday, when the water was lower, the keeper saw a four-pounder lying under that stem. Between the weir and the trees is an awkward spot, 5 but difficulty is the charm of fly-fishing. The dangerous drop fly must be taken off; a drop fly is only fit for open water, where there is neither weed nor stump. The March brown is sent skimming at the tail of the casting line, to be dropped, if possible, just above the ash, and to be carried under it by the 10 stream. It has been caught in a root, so it seems; or it is foul somewhere. Surely no fish ever gave so dead a pull. No; it is no root. The line shoots under the bank. There is a broad flash of white just below the surface, a moment's struggle, the rod springs straight, and the line comes back un-15 broken. The March brown is still floating at the end of it. It was a big fish, perhaps the keeper's very big one; he must have been lightly hooked, and have rubbed the fly out of his mouth.

But let us look closer. The red-spinner had played false in 20 the morning, may not something like it have befallen the March brown? Something like it, indeed. The hook has straightened out as if, instead of steel, it had been made of copper. A pretty business! I try another, and another, with the same result. The heavy trout take them, and one bends and the next 25 breaks. Oh! ———! Well for Charles Kingsley that he was gone before he heard of a treason which would have broken his trust in man. You, in whose praise I have heard him so often eloquent! You who never dealt in shoddy goods. You who were faithful if all else were faithless, and redeemed the 30 credit of English tradesmen! You had not then been in the school of progress and learnt that it was the buyer's business to distinguish good from bad. You never furnished your customers with cheap and nasty wares, fair-looking to the eye and worthless to the touch and trial. In those days you dealt 35

with gentlemen, and you felt and traded like a gentleman yourself. And now you, too, have gone the way of your fellows. You are making a fortune, as you call it, out of the reputation which you won honourably in better days. You have given yourself over to competition and semblance. You have entered 5 for the race among the sharpers and will win by knavery and tricks like the rest. I will not name you for the sake of the old times, when C. K. and I could send you a description of a fly from the farthest corner of Ireland, and by return of post would come a packet tied on hooks which Kendal and Limerick 10 might equal, but could not excel. You may live on undenounced for me; but read C. K.'s books over again; repent of your sins, go back to honest ways, and renounce the new gospel in which whosoever believes shall not be saved

But what is to be done? Spite of the rain the river is now 15 covered with drowned May-flies, and the trout are taking them all round. I have new May-flies from the same quarter in my book, but it will be mere vexation to try them. Luckily for me there are a few old ones surviving from other days. The gut is brown with age—but I must venture it. If this breaks 20 I will go home, lock away my rod, and write an essay on the effects of the substitution of Political Economy for the Christian faith.

On, then, goes one of these old flies. It looks well. It bears a mild strain, and, like Don Quixote with his helmet, 25 I will not put it to a severe trial. Out it shoots over the pool, so natural-looking that I cannot distinguish it from a real fly which floats at its side. I cannot, nor can that large trout in the smooth water above the fall. He takes it, springs into the air, and then darts at the weir to throw 30 himself over. If he goes down he is lost. Hold on. He has the stream to help him, and not an inch of line can be spared. The rod bends double, but the old gut is true. Down the fall he is not to go. He turns up the pool, he makes a dart for the hatchway,—but if you can stand a trout's first rush you 35

need not fear him in fair water afterwards. A few more efforts and he is in the net and on the bank, not the keeper's four-pounder, but a handsome fish, which I know that he will approve.

He had walked down the bank pensively while I was in 5 the difficulty with my flies, meditating, perhaps, on idle gentlemen, and reflecting that if the tradesmen were knaves the gentlemen were correspondingly fools. He called to me to come to him just as I landed my trout. He was standing by the side of the rapid stream at the head of the mill pool. 10 It was as he had foretold, the great fish had come up, and were rolling like salmon on the top of the water gulping down the May-flies. Even when they are thus carelessly ravenous, the clearness of the river creates a certain difficulty in catching 15 them in ordinary times, but to-day the flood made caution superfluous. They were splashing on the surface close to our feet, rolling about in negligent gluttony which seemed to take from them every thought of danger, for a distance of at least three hundred yards.

There was no longer any alarm for the tackle, and it was 20 but to throw the fly upon the river, near or far, for a trout instantly to seize it. There was no shy rising where suspicion balks the appetite. The fish were swallowing with a deliberate seriousness every fly which drifted in their reach, snapping their jaws upon it with a gulp of satisfaction. The 25 only difficulty was in playing them when hooked with a delicate chalk-stream casting-line. For an hour and a half it lasted, such an hour and a half of trout fishing as I had never seen and shall never see again. The ease of success at last became wearisome. Two large baskets were filled to the brim. 30 Accident had thrown in my way a singular opportunity which it would have been wrong to abuse, so I decided to stop. We emptied out our spoils upon the grass, and the old keeper said that long as he had known the river he had never but once seen so many fish of so large size taken in the Ches in a 35 single day by a single rod.

How can a reasonable creature find pleasure in having performed such an exploit? If trout were wanted for human food, a net would have answered the purpose with less trouble to the man and less annoyance to the fish. Throughout creation man is the only animal—man, and the dogs and cats which 5 have learnt from him—who kills, for the sake of killing, what he does not want, and calls it sport. All other animals seize their prey only when hungry, and are satisfied when their hunger is appeased.

Such, it can only be answered, is man's disposition. He is 10 a curiously formed creature, and the appetite for sport does not seem to disappear with civilisation. The savage in his natural state hunts, as the animals hunt, to support his life; the sense of sport is strongest in the elaborately educated and civilised. It may be that the taste will die out before "Progress". Our 15 descendants perhaps, a few generations hence, may look back upon a pheasant battue as we look back on bear-baiting and bull-fighting, and our mild offspring, instructed in the theory of development, may see a proof in their fathers' habits that they come of a race who were once crueller than tigers, and 20 will congratulate themselves on the change. So they will think, if they judge us as we judge our forefathers of the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and both we and they may be perhaps mistaken. Half the lives of men in mediæval Europe was spent in fighting. Yet from mediæval Europe came the 25 knightly graces of courtesy and chivalry. The modern soldier, whose trade is war, yet hates and dreads war more than civilians dread it. The sportsman's knowledge of the habits of animals gives him a kindly feeling towards them notwithstanding, and sporting tends rather to their preservation than their 30 destruction. The human race may become at last vegetarians and water-drinkers. Astræa may come back, and man may cease to take the life of bird, or beast, or fish. But the lion will not lie down with the lamb, for lambs and lions will no longer be; the eagle will not feed beside the dove, for doves will not 35

be allowed to consume grain which might have served as human food, and will be extinct as the dodo.^c It may be all right and fit and proper : a world of harmless vegetarians may be the appropriate outcome of the development of humanity. But we who have been born in a rude age do not aspire to
 5 rise beyond the level of our own times. We have toiled, we have suffered, we have enjoyed, as the nature which we have received has prompted us. We blame our fathers' habits ; our children may blame ours in turn ; yet we may be sitting in judgment, both of us, on matters of which we know nothing. 10

The storm has passed away, the dripping trees are sparkling in the warm and watery sunset. Back, then, to our inn, where dinner waits for us, the choicest of our own trout, pink as salmon, with the milky curd in them, and no sauce to spoil the delicacy of their flavour. Then bed, with its lavender-
 15 scented sheets and white curtains, and sleep, sound sweet sleep, that loves the country village and comes not near a London bedroom. In the morning, adieu to Cheneys, with its red gable-ends and chimneys, its venerable trees, its old-world manners, and the solemn memories of its mausoleum. Adieu, 20 too, to the river, which, " though men may come and men may go," has flowed and will flow on for ever, winding among its reed beds, murmuring over its gravelly fords, heedless of royal dynasties, uncaring whether Cheney or Russell calls himself lord of its waters, graciously turning the pleasant corn-mills in
 25 its course, unpolluted by the fetid refuse of manufactures, and travelling on to the ocean bright and pure and uncharged with poison, as in the old times when the priest sung mass in the church upon the hill and the sweet soft matins bell woke the hamlet to its morning prayers.

NOTES.

BECKET AT THE COUNCIL OF NORTHAMPTON.

Thomas Becket (1118-1170) was the son of a London merchant. He received a good education in England and France. In 1142 he entered the household of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who employed him in several important missions. In 1155 he was appointed Chancellor by Henry II. In this position he lived sumptuously and faithfully promoted the king's interests. In 1162 he was appointed to succeed Theobald. He now threw aside his luxurious habits and vigorously supported the claims of the Church against the king and his nobles. Henry II. was endeavouring to check the power and authority of the clergy and to keep the Church in subordination to the State. For this purpose certain articles known as the Constitutions of Clarendon were drawn up, and after much resistance Becket at last consented to sign them. But he soon withdrew his acceptance of the articles and resumed his opposition to the king. In violation of an oath not to leave the country without the king's consent, Becket made an attempt to visit the Pope. A national council was summoned to meet at Northampton and Becket was required to attend. The meeting of this Council is described in our first collection from Froude.

P. 1, l. 2. Great Council. This was the national council of the period. All the tenants-in-chief, that is, those who held land directly from the Crown, were entitled to attend. It usually consisted of nobles and Church dignitaries—the earls, great barons, bishops and abbots.

P. 1, l. 3. peer (Lat. *par*, equal), one of equal rank; a nobleman of a certain dignity.

P. 1, l. 3. prelate, one of the higher order of clergy who has authority over others, especially a bishop or archbishop.

P. 1, l. 7. constructive treason, treason not directly expressed but inferred from some act.

P. 1, l. 11. chancery accounts, the accounts kept while Becket was the Chancellor of Henry II. before his appointment to the office of Archbishop of Canterbury, 1162.

P. 1, l. 27. augury, omen or sign from which a prediction can be drawn.

P. 2, l. 6. sinister (Lat. *sinister*, left, on the left hand), ill-omened, threatening evil, malicious.

P. 3, l. 17. stole, an ecclesiastical vestment consisting of a strip of silk or other material worn over the shoulder and hanging down in front.

P. 4, l. 23. **excommunicate**, to cut off from the sacraments of the Church and from fellowship with its members.

P. 4, l. 29. **primate**, a bishop or archbishop who has a certain jurisdiction over other bishops.

P. 5, l. 23. **anathema**, a curse or denunciation when pronounced by a bishop involving excommunication.

P. 7, l. 3 **Alexander**, Alexander III, Pope from 1159 to 1181.

P. 7, l. 11. **Lewis of France**, Louis VII., King of France, 1187 to 1180.

THE MURDER OF BECKET.

After leaving the Council at Northampton Becket secretly went to France and remained there for six years. During his absence Henry II. had his young son crowned, the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop of York. This greatly incensed Becket, as the crowning of a king was a prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury. After several efforts to reconcile Becket with the king an agreement was patched up and Becket returned to Canterbury. Quarrels, however, soon broke out again and Becket excommunicated all those who had taken part in crowning the king's son. This news was brought to Henry who at this time was in Normandy. The king was furious and exclaimed: "What cowards have I about me, that no one will deliver me from this lowborn priest!" Four reckless knights who heard these rash words quietly left the king's court, reached the coast, crossed the Channel and hastened to Canterbury.

P. 8, l. 7. **justiciary**, in early English history a justiciary was an administrator of both government and justice. The chief justiciary was the king's deputy.

P. 8, l. 23. **rendezvous**, prearranged place of meeting.

P. 9, l. 5. **sumpter**, an animal that carries burdens as distinct from one used for riding.

P. 10, l. 1. **Bulls of Bashan**. "Many bulls have compassed me; strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round" (Psalm xxii. 12). Bashan was a district of Palestine conquered by the Israelites and given to the tribe of Manasseh.

P. 10, l. 31. **asceticism**, severe self-denial, self-mortification.

P. 11, l. 5. **Sens**, a town of France on the Yonne. It has a cathedral and is the seat of an archbishop.

P. 12, l. 10. **vespers**. In the Roman Catholic Church, the last but one of the daily services. It includes the psalms, the magnificat or Song of Mary, and the collect for the day. The old English name for vespers is even-song.

P. 13, l. 13. **see**, the place from which a bishop exercises his office; also the district within which a bishop exercises jurisdiction.

P. 15, l. 8. **embargo**, a prohibition by a person in authority.

P. 15, l. 20 **interdict**, a prohibition; in the Church of Rome a prohibition which cuts off from communion and Church privileges.

P. 16, l. 35. **oriel window**, a window built out from a wall and resting on brackets or corbels.

P. 17, l. 35. **St. Benedict**, a monk of Rome who founded the order of Benedictines; died A.D. 543.

P. 18, l. 2. **Lady Chapel**, a chapel attached to large Roman Catholic churches and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, generally behind the high altar at the eastern end of the church.

P. 18, l. 35. **apostate**, one who forsakes a faith that he formerly professed; a priest who has abandoned his office without a dispensation.

P. 20, l. 5. **pander**, one who procures opportunities for the low passion of others.

A BISHOP OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

P. 22, l. 6. **Holy See**, the See of Rome, the Pope's jurisdiction; also used for the Pope himself.

P. 22, l. 7. **canonisation**, the act of enrolling a deceased person who has been declared one of the blessed ones, in the calendar or canon of saints

P. 22, l. 15. **St. Cuthbert**, a noted English monk, died at Farne in Northumbria, 687

P. 22, l. 15. **Theseus**, a legendary Greek hero who is said to have slain the monster Minotaur in the Cretan labyrinth.

P. 23, l. 4. **Avalon**, a small town near the centre of France about 60 miles west of Dijon.

P. 23, l. 5. **La Grande Chartreuse**, an old Carthusian monastery situated on the western slopes of the Graian Alps in the south-east of France (altitude 3,300 feet). It is 14 miles north-north-east of the town of Grenoble. The Carthusian order of monks was founded here by St. Bruno in 1086. The order was introduced into England about 1180 and built the Charterhouse in London in 1371. La Grande Chartreuse was suppressed by the French Government in 1903. The monks have removed to Karragona in Spain. Matthew Arnold has a fine poem on the Grande Chartreuse

P. 23, l. 10. **Ensham or Eynsham**, a small town in Oxfordshire near Woodstock; remains of an abbey near.

P. 26, l. 8. **Provence**, the name of an old province in the south-east of France.

P. 26, l. 9. **Albigenses**, the name of a sect of reformers who lived from the 11th to the 13th century in the south of France near the town of Albi. They opposed the authority of the Church, but were cruelly persecuted and finally exterminated

P. 27, l. 17. **Constitutions of Clarendon**. These consisted of certain articles defining the relation of the Church to the State. They were laid before a great council at Clarendon near Salisbury. By them the

power and privileges claimed by the clergy were greatly curtailed. Becket at first assented to them but soon after declined to accept them.

P. 28, l. 28. **Gehenna**, in the Bible the place of the future punishment of the wicked ; hell.

P. 29, l. 23. **St. Dominic**, the founder of the order of mendicant friars called the Dominicans, died 1221 at Bologna.

P. 29, l. 28. **Ignatius Loyola**, born at the castle of Loyola in Spain, 1492 ; died at Rome in 1556. He first served in the Spanish army but afterwards devoted himself to religion, and founded the religious order known as Jesuits, or more properly, the Society of Jesus.

P. 29, l. 24. **morbid**, being in a diseased or unsound condition of body or mind, from Lat *morbus*, a disease.

P. 30, l. 30. **obol**, a small silver coin of the ancient Greeks.

P. 31, l. 34. **vir sagacis ingenii et inscrutabilis fere animi** (Lat.), "a man of a shrewd nature whose mind is difficult to read".

P. 32, l. 23. **regem videres philosophantem** (Lat.), "You might see the King in deep thought".

P. 34, l. 31. **nolo episcopari** (Lat.), "I do not wish to be a bishop".

P. 36, l. 28. **stall**, a seat in the choir or chancel of a cathedral appropriated for the clergy, as a canon's stall ; also the position and dignity of the canon.

P. 36, l. 35. **prebendal stalls**, the stalls used by prebendaries in a cathedral, the prebendaries or prebends being usually canons.

P. 38, l. 28. **chapter**, the council of a bishop consisting of the canon or prebends and other ecclesiastics attached to the cathedral.

P. 43, l. 8. **posse comitatus** (Lat.), "the power of the county"; in law the body of men which the Sheriff is empowered to call into service to aid him in the carrying out of the law.

P. 44, l. 16. **Voltaireian**, from Voltaire (1694 to 1768), a famous French poet, dramatist, historian and letter-writer. Some of his writings were of an infidel or sceptical character.

P. 44, l. 17. **Host**. This word as used here comes from the Latin *hostia*, a victim or sacrifice. It denotes in the Roman Catholic and some other Churches the bread or wafer which after consecration is used at the sacrament of the Eucharist or Lord's Supper.

P. 49, l. 7. **Chaluz**, a small town in the south-west of France in the old province of Aquitaine.

P. 49, l. 9. **Fontevrault**, a town of France a little to the south of the Loire near its middle course.

P. 49, l. 17. **Queen Berengaria**, the wife of Richard I.

P. 53, l. 6. **compline**, a service completing the religious exercises of the day.

P. 53, l. 9. **Nunc Dimittis**, (Lat) "now thou dismisest"; the first two words of the Latin version of the song of Simeon (Luke ii. 29-32), "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace".

THE CHURCH OF ROME IN ITS VIGOUR.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY ENTITLED "TIMES OF ERASMUS AND
LUTHER".

P. 56, l. 5. **democratic**, a democracy is a system of government in which the sovereign power is vested in the people as a whole and exercised by their elected agents. Hence *democratic* means belonging to the people (Gk. *dēmos*, people, *kratein*, to rule).

P. 56, l. 22. **ordinary**, a bishop or other ecclesiastic in his capacity as judge.

P. 57, l. 9. **Convocation**, an assembly of the clergy for the settlement of Church affairs.

P. 58, l. 11. **chapter-house**, the building attached to a cathedral in which the *chapter* meets. (See note on *chapter*, p. 144)

ENGLAND'S FORGOTTEN WORTHIES.

This selection consists of the greater part of an article with the above title which Froude contributed to the *Westminster Review* in 1852.

P. 61, l. 1. **peremptory**, decisive, not admitting of debate or question.

P. 61, l. 25. **plebeian**, belonging to the *plebs* or common people.

P. 62, l. 1. **the England of the Catholic Hierarchy**, England of the previous reign (Queen Mary), when the Catholic bishops had great power.

P. 62, l. 18. **Burghley**, William Cecil of Burleigh, Northamptonshire, was Secretary of State and chief adviser to Queen Elizabeth for forty years. He was made Lord Burghley in 1571 and died in 1578.

P. 62, l. 18. **Leicester**, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth and spent much time at her court. In the Armada year (1588) he was appointed to the command of the land forces, but died shortly afterwards in the same year.

P. 62, l. 18. **Walsingham**, Sir Francis; Walsingham (1536-1590) was employed in the public service and became a Secretary of State under Lord Burghley. He was especially successful in detecting conspirators.

P. 62, l. 21. **Frobisher**, Martin Frobisher was an early explorer of the North-West Passage.

P. 62, l. 24. **narwhal**, the sea-unicorn or unicorn-whale. One of the teeth of the male narwhal grows out as a straight spirally-fluted ivory tusk six to nine feet long.

P. 63, l. 7. **Persian "Sofee"**. "Sofee" ("Sophy" in Shakespeare) is a corruption of the eastern word "Sufi" a title or surname of the ruler of Persia, the Shah.

P. 63, l. 21. **the state of the world**. At the death of Queen Mary and the accession of Elizabeth (1558) Spain was the chief power in

Europe. Its ruler was Philip II., a son of the Emperor Charles V. and the husband of Queen Mary. The dominions of Philip included Spain, a great part of Italy, the Netherlands and the valuable colonies that had been acquired by conquest in the West Indies and South America. Germany and Austria were under the nominal rule of the Emperor Ferdinand, uncle of Philip II. During the greater part of Elizabeth's reign France was divided by bitter religious feuds and in a state of civil war. The Spaniards holding nearly all the known parts of the New World by right of conquest and prior occupation forbade entry to the adventurers of other nations. But the daring English seamen of Elizabeth's time refused to recognise the monopoly claimed by the Spaniards and considered themselves entitled to raid the Spanish towns in America and to capture the Spanish treasure-ships returning thence, just as if England and Spain were at war. Spain was at last brought to a humbler position by the defeat of its Armada in 1588.

P. 63, l. 27. *plantations, colonies or settlements*—one of several meanings of this word.

P. 63, l. 80. *Richard Hakluyt*, Richard Hakluyt (1552-1616) was an English clergyman who issued in 1589 a famous collection of travel records entitled "The Principall Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation".

P. 63, l. 32. *Privy Council*. Besides the Great Council of the nation (see note, p. 141) there was in England in the Middle Ages a smaller council of the royal ministers, the judges and certain favourites which sat continually and which acquired the name of Privy Council. This Council reached the height of its power under the late Tudor rulers. Since the Act of Settlement (1701) the power of the Privy Council has declined, as it has been superseded by the Cabinet, and only remains now as a body of dignity, the members of which are appointed by the sovereign.

P. 64, l. 8. *Netherlands*, the term Netherlands in its wide sense included the countries now forming Holland and Belgium. In the sixteenth century the Netherlands consisted of seventeen provinces which were under Spanish rule. In 1581 the northern provinces after a long struggle with Spain declared their independence.

P. 64, l. 13. *Alva*, the Duke of Alva was a famous Spanish general. He was sent as governor to the Netherlands, and there became notorious for the cruelty with which he suppressed rebellion.

P. 64, l. 32. *Spanish Main*, the name Spanish Main properly refers to the northern coast of South America from the mouth of the Orinoco westward. It sometimes includes the Isthmus of Panama and Central America also, that is all the mainland bordering the Caribbean Sea, as opposed to the islands. Some modern writers use the term, however, of the Caribbean Sea.

P. 65, l. 7. *Drake*, Sir Francis Drake (1545-1596), like many other Devonshire men of his time, was a famous navigator. In 1577 he started on his famous voyage round the world and brought home much

booty from the Spanish towns on the Pacific coast of South America. In 1587 he "sing'd the King of Spain's beard" by burning the ships in the harbour of Cadiz. In the Armada year (1588), he acted as Vice-Admiral of the English fleet. He died during another expedition to the Spanish Main in 1596. A most interesting account of Drake and other famous navigators of Elizabeth's reign can be found in Froude's *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century*.

P. 65, l. 7. **Hawkins**, Sir John Hawkins (1532-1595) made expeditions to the Spanish Main and took part in the destruction of the Armada.

P. 65, l. 8. **Raleigh**, Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618) was a famous navigator, courtier and writer. He made three expeditions to America, fought against the Armada and was present at the capture of Cadiz, 1596. In the reign of James I. he was implicated in a plot against the king and was sent to the Tower. At the end of twelve years he was liberated on condition of discovering a gold-mine in Guiana, but failing in this was executed for treason. His chief works are *The History of the World*, *A Discourse of War*, *An Apology for the Voyage to Guiana*.

P. 65, l. 14. **Madonna**, the Virgin Mary; also used of a painting or sculptured representation of the Virgin.

P. 65, l. 32. **Peter Martyr**, an Italian historian (1455-1526). His chief work, *De Orbe Novo*, treats of the first thirty years of discovery in the New World. His letters also contain historical information.

P. 66, l. 24. **Pilgrim Fathers**, the English colonists who emigrated to America from Holland in the *Mayflower* in 1620 and settled at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

P. 66, l. 25. **antinomian**, belonging to antinomianism or the doctrine that faith frees the Christian from the obligations of the moral law.

P. 66, l. 25. **fanaticism**, excessive zeal; fierce bigotry.

P. 66, l. 33. **Oronoko**, a large river of South America, usually spelt Orinoco, flowing westward through the northern part.

P. 67, l. 2. **Guiana**, in its widest sense the word indicates the northern part of South America to the north of the Amazon—the region now occupied by Venezuela and British, Dutch and French Guiana.

P. 67, l. 3. **Incas**, the name of the ruling race of Peru until the Spaniards conquered them in the early part of the sixteenth century; also the name of a prince or ruler in Peru at the time of the Spanish conquest.

P. 68, l. 6. **Indian**, a name used to refer to what pertains to India and the East Indies; also used in reference to the native race of America, for Columbus when he discovered America believed he had reached Asia from the west, and called the islands he first discovered the West Indies.

P. 68, l. 17. **Cortez** (1485-1547), a famous Spaniard, the conqueror of Mexico for Spain.

P. 68, l. 17. **Pizarro** (1471-1541), the Spanish conqueror of Peru for Spain.

P. 68, l. 22. **De Soto** (1500-1542), a Spanish explorer in the southern part of North America who investigated the Mississippi.

P. 68, l. 25. **Vasco Nunnez** or **Balboa** **Vasco Nuñez** (1475-1518), a Spanish soldier and explorer. In 1510 he went to Darien on the Isthmus of Panama. From there he journeyed westward, reaching a mountain from which he first saw the Pacific Ocean.

P. 68, l. 27. **cacique**, the title of the native princes or head chiefs of Hayti, Cuba and Central America who were ruling there when the Spaniards discovered these parts.

P. 69, l. 17. **Hispaniola**, the Latinised form of Española (Little Spain), the name given by Columbus to the island of the West Indies now called Hayti and San Domingo.

P. 69, l. 30. **Yucatan**, a peninsula of Central America.

P. 71, l. 6. **Castilian**, Castile was the name of an old kingdom in the northern and central part of the Spanish peninsula.

P. 71, l. 19. *κακία φημίδης*, (Gr.), "brutal wickedness".

P. 72, l. 5. **sovereignty**, ordering, dominion.

P. 72, l. 19. **fatality**, an inevitable doom or tendency to failure.

P. 72, l. 26. **catenas**. The Latin word *catena* means "chain". It is applied in a special sense to a chain or series of extracts from the fathers of the Church.

P. 72, l. 26. **consensus patrum**, (Lat.) "agreements of the fathers of the Church".

P. 73, l. 1. **Huguenots**, French Protestants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They suffered dreadful persecutions, and many of them were massacred on St. Bartholomew's Day, 24th August, 1572. Numbers of them emigrated to England, America and other countries.

P. 73, l. 2. **Coligny**, Gaspard de Coligny (1517-1572), Admiral of France, was a famous French general and Huguenot leader. He was murdered in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

P. 73, l. 13. **Guises**, the name of a family of cardinals and dukes. Several of them were leaders of the Roman Catholic party against the Huguenots.

P. 75, l. 6. **Reformation**, the great religious movement of the sixteenth century that led to the establishment of the Protestant Churches.

P. 75, l. 24. **Tortugas**, a group of coral islets in the Gulf of Mexico. The island of Tortuga, north of Hayti, was at one time a noted resort of pirates.

P. 75, l. 28. **the elements**, here used of the wind and water, especially when in action.

P. 76, l. 28. **palmer**, a flat piece of wood for striking the palm of the hand.

P. 76, l. 28. **ferula**, a rod.

P. 76, l. 26. **palmada**, a blow on the palm of the hand.

P. 76, l. 34. **Luke Fox** (1586-1602), an English navigator who went in search of the North-West Passage and wrote an account of his voyages.

P. 78, l. 12. **Thomas Doughtie**, a gentleman who sailed with Drake in 1577 when he set out for the Spanish town on the Pacific coast. Though Drake had the secret support of Queen Elizabeth, her minister, Lord Burghley, was opposed to the irregular warfare, and the expedition was intended to be carried out without his knowledge. Doughtie appears to have sent word to Burghley and to have tried to ruin the expedition. He was put on trial for treason, found guilty, and executed at Port St Julien, before Drake reached the Straits of Magellan.

P. 78, l. 21. **Sir Humphrey Gilbert** (1539-1583), Sir Humphrey (or Humphrey) was a step-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1578 he set out on a voyage of discovery which ended in failure. In 1583 he again set sail with five ships, reached St. John's in Newfoundland, and there founded the first English colony. On returning, his vessel, the *Squirrel*, foundered, and Gilbert perished as described in the essay.

P. 78, l. 26. **Port St. Julien**, a port on the Atlantic coast of Patagonia.

P. 79, l. 33 **Inquisition**, in the Roman Catholic Church the Inquisition was an ecclesiastical court, officially styled the Holy Office, for the suppression of heresy by the detection and punishment of heretics. The Spanish Inquisition was put under the control of the State at the end of the fifteenth century, and was noted for its severity and the number of its victims.

P. 80, l. 4. **impunity**, freedom or exemption from punishment.

P. 80, l. 5. **bullion**, gold or silver in bars, or in any other uncoined form.

P. 80, l. 5. **Panama**, a seaport on the Isthmus of Panama, used by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century as a place from which the treasures of Peru were shipped to Spain.

P. 80, l. 14. **Algerines**, inhabitants of Algeria in North Africa.

P. 80, l. 18. **Liturgy**. This word is derived from the Greek word *leitourgia*, a public service or duty. In ancient Athens it was a form of personal service to the State, and it is in this sense that Froude uses the word here. It also means an appointed form of words and acts according to which the religious services of a Church are performed.

P. 81, l. 1. **Dartmouth**, a seaport at the mouth of the Dart in Devonshire.

P. 81, l. 5 **Manor House**, the house of the lord of the manor. (See note on *manor*, p. 154.)

P. 81, l. 12. **reaches**, straight stretches of a river.

P. 81, l. 24 **John Davis** (1580-1605), an English navigator who made expeditions to discover a north-west passage, on the first of which he discovered the great strait—called after him Davis Strait—on the east of Greenland leading from the Atlantic into Baffin Bay.

P. 81, l. 34. **whose common fault**, etc., lines of longitude vary in their distance from one another, approaching towards the poles, where they meet in a point. Hence a degree of longitude becomes less and less in length as we pass from the equator towards either pole.

P. 82, l. 8. **North-West Passage**, a passage for ships from the Atlantic Ocean along the northern coast of North America to the Pacific, and thus to India. It has been much sought after by navigators. Parry and Sir John Franklin failed in this attempt. Captain Amundsen, a Norwegian navigator, accomplished the passage for the first time in a ship in 1906. It is of no practical utility owing to the icebound character of this part of the sea. The passage in the opposite direction is called the North-East Passage.

P. 82, l. 11. **Homer**, a famous Greek poet who lived several hundred years before the Christian era—the reputed author of the epic poems called the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

P. 82, l. 11. **Aristotle**, a famous Greek philosopher, 384 to 322 B.C.

P. 82, l. 15. **primum mobile**, in an old system of astronomy the outermost of the revolving spheres of the universe which carried the others along with it, hence also any great or first cause of motion.

P. 82, l. 16. **Magellan's Straits**, the passage separating the mainland of South America from the Tierra del Fuego group of islands and connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Ferdinand Magellan, a famous Portuguese navigator, was the first to pass through it, in 1520. He continued his voyage across the Pacific, discovered the Philippine Islands, and reached Europe by way of the Cape of Good Hope, thus making the first voyage round the world.

P. 82, l. 22. **Hester**, Hester or Esther, the name of a Persian queen from whom one of the books of the Old Testament is taken.

P. 82, l. 23. **Ahasuerus**, a Persian king, 486 B.C. See Esther i. 6.

P. 83, l. 5. *mutare vel timere sperno*, "I scorn to change or to fear".

P. 83, l. 17. **the first English colony west of the Atlantic**. See note to *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*, p. 149.

P. 85, l. 26. **bonum omen**, a good omen.

P. 86, l. 2. **sublimate**, refine, elevate.

P. 86, l. 11. **apocryphal**, the literal meaning of this word is "secret" or "hidden," but it has acquired the signification of "spurious," "doubtful" or (of writings) "unauthentic".

P. 86, l. 25. **ordinance**, ordering, dispensation.

P. 87, l. 1. **Castor and Pollux**, the names of two heroes in Greek mythology; also of two bright stars in the constellation of the Twins.

P. 89, l. 7. **Sir Henry Sidney**, father of Sir Philip Sidney. He was Lord Deputy in Ireland during the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, and obtained considerable success in dealing with the rebels of that time.

P. 90, l. 7. **Candish**, Thomas Candish (or Cavendish) was a noted English navigator in Elizabeth's reign. In 1591 he started with five ships for the South Seas. Davis was in a ship called the *Desire*. In the Straits of Magellan they met with foul weather. Cavendish returned with his ship and left Davis.

P. 92, l. 20. *vates sacer*, Latin for "sacred poet".

P. 93, l. 3. *Epañinondas* (418-362 B.C.), a famous Theban general and statesman who perished on the battlefield.

P. 94, l. 3. *Theban*, relating to the city of Thebes, the chief city of Bœotia, a division of ancient Greece near the centre of the mainland.

P. 94, l. 3. *Theban poet*. The poet whose lines are quoted in Greek is Pindar, 522-443 B.C. He wrote many famous odes celebrating victories in the Greek national games. The lines quoted are from the first Olympian ode, and the meaning may be thus given:—

"Since all must die, then let us crave
In glorious hour to leave our life;
Not idly wait a dotard's grave,
Unknown to fame and noble strife."—E. S. K.

P. 94, l. 17. *Hume*, David Hume (1711-1776), a famous Scottish historian and philosopher.

P. 94, l. 35. *300 Spartans at Thermopylæ*. Sparta is the name of one of the leading States of ancient Greece. With other States it took part in 480 B.C. in repelling a Persian invasion. Thermopylæ is a pass that forms the only road by which an invading army can get from the northern part of Greece to the southern part. Here Leonidas and his 300 Spartans attempted to check the Persian army after their allies had deserted them. All fell fighting.

P. 95, l. 5. *In 1591, Lord Thomas Howard*. This was three years after the Armada. Lord Thomas Howard was present at the Armada, but it was another member of the family, Lord Howard of Effingham who was the admiral in command at the Armada fight.

P. 95, l. 7. *Florez*, Florez or Flores is the westernmost island of the Azores. These islands, lying in the Atlantic nearly 1,000 miles west of the Spanish coast, had come in 1581 into the possession of Spain. They were very useful to the Spanish ships returning with treasures from the New World. Here they obtained new supplies of provisions and fresh water and met the escort of warships sent to convoy them home. England and Spain being still at war, expeditions continued to go out to capture Spanish treasure-ships.

P. 95, l. 11. *pestered, crowded together; encumbered for space*—a meaning now obsolete.

P. 95, l. 11. *rommaging, "rommage" or "rummage"* has an older meaning than its present one, *viz.*, to adjust the roomage of a ship, to stow away or clear the cargo.

P. 96, l. 1. *Sir Richard Grenville* (1541-1591) was a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh. The immortal heroism of Sir Richard Grenville with the *Revenge* is the subject of a ballad by Lord Tennyson, "The Revenge: a Ballad of the Fleet".

P. 96, l. 4. *Earl Talbot*, John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury (1373-1453), fought with great distinction in the French wars during the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI.

P. 96, l. 10. John Huighen von Linschoten, a Dutch voyager (1568-1611), who wrote an account of the engagement of the *Revenge* with the Spanish fleet. He was at the time on a return voyage from India and appears to have received an account of the fight.

P. 96, l. 85 sprang their luff, "to spring the luff" is to answer the helm by bringing the hull of a vessel nearer the wind, a sea term.

P. 99, l. 9. δαμονίη ἀρετή, "superhuman courage".

P. 100, l. 19. Barrère, a French politician during the revolutionary period, who held office under the republican government of the period. He sent in a glowing, fanciful and bombastic report of the naval battle of 1st June, 1794, when the French fleet was defeated by the English fleet under Lord Howe.

P. 100, l. 20 Vengeur. In the naval fight just mentioned there were several fights between single ships on each side. One of the fiercest of these combats was that between the French *Vengeur du Peuple* and the English *Brunswick*. The two ships grappled and fought broadside to broadside for some hours. On separating the *Brunswick* was almost disabled and the *Vengeur* greatly damaged. Another British ship attacked the *Vengeur* and the gallant vessel at last sank. Some of the crew were rescued by the English, but others perished in the sinking ship with the cry, "*Vive la République*".

P. 100, l. 32. Samson. At a great festival of the Philistines held in the temple of Dagon, Samson pulled down the supporting pillars of the roof so that he and 3,000 of the assembly perished. (See Judges xvi.)

P. 100, l. 84. St. Michael's, a large island situated on the eastern group of the Azores.

CHENEYS AND THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

Cheneys. Cheneys or Chenies is a village in Buckinghamshire. It stands on the river Chess, a tributary to the Colne, which is itself a tributary of the Thames. The village consists of neat cottages around a pretty green. The church, which is an ancient edifice, has been beautifully restored. It includes a north chapel which has been the burial-place of the Russell family since it was built in 1556.

House of Russell. The word "house" is often used for a family of high rank or for an illustrious race. A member of the Russell family became Earl of Bedford in the early part of the sixteenth century, and a later member became Duke of Bedford.

P. 101, l. 1. Tennyson. Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892), a great English poet, made Poet Laureate in 1850 and Baron Tennyson in 1884. In Tennyson's poem entitled "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," we find the following lines:—

"The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent".

P. 101, l. 3. novi homines (Lat.), "new men," i.e., men who have raised themselves from obscure positions to positions of distinction.

P. 102, l. 2. **patent of nobility**, the official document confirming a nobleman's title.

P. 102, l. 13. **aristocracy**, persons of rank, the nobility (Gk. *aristos*, best, *kraten*, to rule)

P. 102, l. 13. **oligarchy**, a form of government in which the supreme power is vested in a small exclusive class (from Gk. *oligos*, few, and *archein*, to rule).

P. 102, l. 20. **patrician**, of noble birth.

P. 102, l. 28. **Castilian nobles**. Castile was an old kingdom in the northern and central part of Spain. Ferdinand of Arragon (another ancient kingdom of Spain) married Isabella of Castile, and the two kingdoms became united in 1479.

P. 102, l. 30. **Alvas, Olivarez's**, etc., names of Spanish families of fame.

P. 103, l. 5. **Washingtons, Franklins**, etc., names of famous American statesmen.

P. 103, l. 6. **Congress**, the national legislative body of the United States.

P. 103, l. 17. **Medean**, Medea in Greek legend was a sorceress who practised magic arts.

P. 103, l. 35. **The great democratic Reform Bill**, the famous Reform Bill advocated by Lord John Russell and passed in 1832. It greatly extended the franchise or right of voting and disfranchised a large number of small boroughs.

P. 104, l. 22. **Flodden**. The Scots were defeated by the English at Flodden Field in 1513.

P. 104, l. 22. **Crecy**. The English obtained a great victory over the French at Crecy in 1346.

P. 104, l. 33. **mausoleum**, the magnificent tomb of King Mausolus of Halicarnassus, built 300 B.C.; hence any splendid tomb, or edifice intended for tombs.

P. 104, l. 34. **mortuary** (Lat. *mortuarius*, belonging to the dead). A mortuary chapel is a chapel intended for the reception of the dead.

P. 106, l. 5. **Mendozas**. Mendoza was the name of a famous Spanish family some of the members of which were distinguished statesmen and authors. One of the family was Spanish ambassador to England in 1587.

P. 106, l. 6. **Burgos**, a town in the north of Spain.

P. 106, l. 9. **meretricious**, having a gaudy appearance, tawdry.

P. 106, l. 25. **A martyr for the Revolution of 1688**. See note to *Lord William Russell*, p. 159, and note to *Revolution*, p. 160.

P. 107, l. 13. **Manor**, in old English times a manor was an estate or district of land granted to a lord by the king or by some superior lord, with authority to exercise jurisdiction over it and over its tenants. The *Manor House* was the residence of the lord of the manor.

P. 107, l. 18. **Queen Bess**. "Good Queen Bess" was a popular name for Queen Elizabeth.

P. 108, l. 20. **officious**, forward in offering services not desired

P. 108, l. 30. **Commissioners of the Long Parliament**. The Long Parliament was the Parliament that carried on the Civil War during the reign of Charles I. It was continued under Cromwell. Commissioners appointed by this Parliament removed ornaments from many churches and expelled the Church clergy from their offices.

P. 103, l. 31. **brasses**, monumental tablets of brass.

P. 109, l. 1. **hierarchy**, a body of ecclesiastical rulers. In 1850 a Catholic hierarchy of twelve bishops under an Archbishop of Westminster was set up in England

P. 109, l. 7. **Queen Mary**, Mary Tudor, elder daughter of Henry VIII., who reigned five years (1553-1558). She married Philip II. of Spain, and during her reign a persecution was carried on to enforce conformity to the Roman Catholic religion. Bishops Hooper, Ridley, Latimer and others were burnt as heretics at Smithfield, in London.

P. 109, l. 33. **corselet**, the breastplate of the body armour.

P. 110, l. 12. **baldric**, an ornamental belt usually worn over one shoulder and across the breast.

P. 110, l. 31. **Roll of the Conqueror**. The Battle of Hastings (1066) was fought on a heath called Senlac, about six miles from Hastings, and now occupied by the town of Battle. On the site of the battle the Conqueror founded a Benedictine abbey, and in it was deposited a list of the names of the barons who fought with him. This list, known as the Roll of Battle Abbey, was added to by the monks, and after some wandering perished in a fire in 1793. Copies exist, but they have been much tampered with. Many illustrious English families can trace their origin to ancestors whose names are on the Battle Roll, and hundreds of others believe their ancestors "came over with the Conqueror," because their names, or something like them, can be found in one or other of the lists.

P. 111, l. 7. **the Archduke Philip**, Archduke of Austria and son of Maximilian I., Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The Holy Roman Empire, often called the German Empire, as it was more German than Roman, comprised the various German-speaking States of Central Europe and at times parts of Italy and other regions. This German emperor claimed to be the representative of the ancient Roman emperors, and after his coronation by the Pope he was regarded as the head of Christendom.

The relationship of many of the persons mentioned in the next few pages will be understood from the following table :—

P. 113, l. 22. **Alaric**, a king of the West Goths who captured and sacked Rome in 410 A.D.

P. 113, l. 26 **Vatican**, the famous palace at Rome where the Pope resides. It contains numerous rooms, halls, chapels, etc., and has a large quantity of fine paintings, sculpture and other objects of art. Its library has nearly 800,000 MSS.

P. 113, l. 30. **St. Angelo**, a fortress in Rome.

P. 114, l. 3. **Catherine's Imperial nephew**, Charles V. (See genealogical table, p. 155.)

P. 114, l. 6 **Thomas Cromwell**. After the fall of his master, Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell became for ten years the chief adviser of Henry VIII. During his administration Henry "broke with the Holy See" by declaring himself supreme Head of the Church in England and by separating the Church of England from that of Rome.

P. 114, l. 10 **Anne Boleyn**. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, a Norfolk gentleman, and became the wife of Henry VIII. after he had divorced Catherine of Arragon. Elizabeth was a child of this marriage.

P. 114, l. 12. **suppression of the monasteries**, the lower monasteries were suppressed in 1536, and by the end of 1539 nearly all the greater monasteries shared the same fate. Henry VIII. retained some of the lands and revenues for himself, distributed others to his courtiers, and used some of the spoil for building ships and erecting fortifications on the coast.

P. 114, l. 13 **Abbot of Glastonbury**. Glastonbury is a small town in Somerset. It had formerly a magnificent abbey, but only a few ruins now remain. Its last abbot was executed on a high hill overlooking the town.

P. 114, l. 14. **Privy Seal**. The Privy Seal is a seal affixed to all letters-patent for the grant of charters and pardons before they come to the Great Seal, which is used on all solemn occasions when the will of the sovereign is to be expressed. The clerk or keeper of the Privy Seal is properly called Lord Privy Seal and is regarded as one of the great officers of the State.

P. 114, l. 21. **Garter**, the Order of the Garter is the highest Order of English knighthood. It is bestowed by the sovereign, and the installations of the Order are held in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The badge of the Order is a gold medallion representing St. George and the Dragon. The Garter is of blue velvet and worn on the left leg below the knee.

P. 114, l. 21. **Warden of the Stannaries**. The word "stannary" (pl. stannaries) means a tin-mine or district of tin-mines (Lat. *stannum*, tin). The Warden or Lord Warden of the Stannaries, who administered justice among the tanners at the courts held in Cornwall and Devon for the workers in the tin-mines. "Warden" is an older form of "guardian".

P. 114, l. 24. **Miles Coverdale** (1488-1568), a famous divine and preacher; the first translator of the Bible into English.

P. 114, l. 31. **Woburn Abbey**, situated near Woburn, a village in Bedfordshire; still the chief seat of the head of the Russell family, the Duke of Bedford.

P. 114, l. 34 **Seymours and Dudleys**. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, was for some time Protector to his nephew, Edward VI. Before the end of the reign he was accused of treason and executed, 1552. John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, succeeded Somerset as Lord Protector and was created Duke of Northumberland. On Edward's death he tried to get Lady Jane Grey made queen, but was tried for treason and executed in the first year of Queen Mary's reign, 1553.

P. 114, l. 35 **attainted**. The act of attainting was a process of condemning a man for treason, not by trial, but by a special Act of Parliament. The attainted person lost his property and forfeited his titles.

P. 115, l. 1. **Covent Garden**, a valuable space in London on the north side of the Strand.

P. 115, l. 5. **Lady Jane Grey**, a great-granddaughter of Henry VII. Mary, who became queen on the death of Edward VI., was a daughter of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon.

P. 115, l. 15. **a Spanish husband**. Queen Mary married Philip II. of Spain in 1554.

P. 116, l. 8. **Towton and Barnet**, battles fought during the Wars of the Roses, between the Lancastrians and Yorkists.

P. 116, l. 12. **More and Fisher**, Fisher was Bishop of Rochester and More was Chancellor, executed for opposition to Henry VIII.

P. 116, l. 22. **Marian persecution**, the persecution of Protestants during the reign of Queen Mary. Archbishop Cranmer, Bishops Hooper, Latimer and Ridley, as well as other Protestants, were burnt in this reign.

P. 117, l. 12. **Prayer-Book**. Two revised Prayer-Books were issued for the English Church during the reign of Edward VI., the second being a revision of the first in a Protestant direction. Certain ancient vestments were forbidden and the word "Mass" was omitted.

P. 117, l. 15. **Gardiner**, Stephen Gardiner (1483-1555) was a statesman who became Bishop of Winchester. During the reign of Edward VI. he showed Protestant leaning, but in the reign of Queen Mary of England he was active against the Protestants.

P. 117, l. 15. **English exiles at Geneva**. The Reformation was officially introduced at Geneva in 1535. Many English and Scottish Protestants found an asylum there during the persecutions of the reign of Queen Mary.

P. 117, l. 18. **Mary Stuart** (1542-1587) was the daughter of James V. of Scotland and the great-granddaughter of Henry VII., for the father of James V. had married Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII. On the death of James V., Mary became Queen of the Scots. Her early years were spent in France, and in 1558 she married the heir to the French throne. At the death of Mary Tudor (Mary I. of England) she laid claim to the English crown, declaring Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII. by his second wife, Anne Boleyn, illegitimate. Her French husband died shortly after becoming king, and Mary returned to Scotland, 1560. Here she married her cousin, Lord Darnley, a leader

of the Catholics. A son was born of this marriage, the future James VI. of Scotland and James I. of England. Mary and Darnley soon began to quarrel. Darnley became jealous of David Rizzio, a favourite counsellor of the queen, and he joined in a plot to murder him. Rizzio was stabbed to death at Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh, in 1566. A year later Darnley was murdered at a lonely house called Kirk o' Field, just outside Edinburgh; the house being blown up by gunpowder. A Scottish border noble, the Earl of Bothwell, contrived the murder, and it is believed by many that Mary knew and approved of the deed. Mary soon after married Bothwell, but this led to a revolt against the queen and her ruffianly husband. The rebellious Scottish lords seized Mary at Carberry Hill outside Edinburgh, deposed her and proclaimed her infant son king. Mary was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle. She escaped in a year, gathered her followers together, but was defeated at Langside, near Glasgow. She now fled to England and sought the protection of Elizabeth. In England she was confined in various castles for many years, and finally beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle, near Peterborough, on a charge of conspiring against Elizabeth, 1587.

P. 117, l. 30. **Knox.** John Knox (1505-1572) was a famous Scottish preacher and reformer. He was the chief agent in establishing the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, and in doing so had many encounters with Mary Queen of Scots.

P. 117, l. 30. **Murray.** James Stuart, Earl of Murray (1538-1570). Murray opposed the Darnley marriage and was friendly with Knox.

P. 117, l. 31. **Ruthven.** Lord Ruthven was one of the Scottish nobles who was opposed to the policy of the queen. He was present at Rizzio's murder. In his *Relation* he gives an account of the crime.

P. 118, l. 24. **Kirk o' Field, Carberry Hill, etc.** (See note to *Mary Stuart*, p. 157.)

P. 119, l. 1. **Casket Letters**, a series of letters and love-poems said to have been found in a casket at Carberry Hill. The letters (written in French) are supposed to have been written by Mary Stuart to Bothwell. If genuine they prove Mary's complicity in the murder of Darnley.

P. 119, l. 3. **Duke of Norfolk.** This was Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk (1536-1572). He joined a plot to release Mary Stuart and to restore Roman Catholicism. In 1572 he was tried for treason, convicted and executed.

P. 119, l. 8. **The famous Drake.** (See note, p. 146.)

P. 119, l. 18. **Zutphen**, a town in the Netherlands.

P. 119, l. 18. **Sir Philip Sydney.** Sir Philip Sydney (or Sidney) (1554-1586) was a famous soldier and author. He was mortally wounded at Zutphen when assisting the Dutch in their struggle against the Spaniards.

P. 119, l. 35. **Eliot, Pym and Selden**, leaders of the Parliamentary party in the reign of Charles I.

P. 119, l. 35. **The Petition of Right**, a famous petition presented by Parliament to Charles I., asking that certain ancient rights of Englishmen should be again acknowledged by the king.

P. 120, l. 8. **Laud and Strafford.** William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury and Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, were the two chief supporters of Charles I. in his efforts to override Parliament.

P. 120, l. 10 **the marshes about Whittlesea and Thorney.** Whittlesey and Thorney are two small towns in what was once a great marshy district around the Wash and known as the Fens. In 1634, Francis, Earl of Bedford, began the work of draining this low land, and his son William continued it later, though the work was not completed until 1852. The reclaimed land is called after its first reclaimer, the Bedford Level.

P. 120, l. 14. **Pantheon,** a famous temple of ancient Rome, now a church; also a fine building in Paris that serves as a mausoleum for the great; hence any memorial structure for commemorating the great men of a nation or family.

P. 120, l. 18. **bambino,** a little child; often used of the child Jesus, represented as in a manger or crib.

P. 120, l. 32. **The Covenant,** a solemn agreement by which the Scots bound themselves to resist tyranny and Popery. In 1645 Charles I. gave himself up to the Scottish Covenanters at Newark, and they expressed themselves willing to restore him to the throne if he would sign the Covenant. Charles refused, and he was given up to the English Parliament.

P. 121, l. 26. **Lord William, or Lord Russell (1639-1683),** was the third son of the fifth Earl (later first Duke) of Bedford. Lord Russell was one of the great Whig leaders in the reign of Charles II. and opposed the policy of the Government in this reign. He supported the Exclusion Bill—a bill to exclude James, the brother of Charles II., from the throne, because he was a Roman Catholic. Later he was tried for complicity in a plot, the Rye House Plot, to assassinate Charles II. Both he and Algernon Sidney, a member of the Leicester family, were declared guilty and executed, though it is probable that neither of them was implicated in the plot.

P. 121, l. 28. **Carr, Earl of Somerset.** Robert Carr (or Ker), a Scottish youth of good family, became a great favourite with James I. and was after a few years created Earl of Somerset. He made a great friend of Sir Thomas Overbury, a poet, traveller and courtier. When Somerset proposed to marry Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, after she had obtained a divorce from her husband, the Earl of Essex, Overbury opposed the marriage. For his opposition Somerset contrived to get Overbury sent to the Tower of London, and there the agents of the Countess of Essex put him to death by poison. Somerset married Frances Howard, who became Countess of Somerset. After some time the crime was revealed to the king. Both Somerset and his wife were put on trial before the House of Lords. The Countess was condemned to death as a murderess and Somerset as an accessory to the crime. After a period of confinement both were pardoned by the king.

P. 121, l. 34. **ominous,** unfortunate, inauspicious.

P. 122, l. 7. **ostentatious,** showy, intended for display.

P. 122, l. 14 **Lincoln's Inn Fields**, a large square near the centre of London. It is surrounded by Lincoln's Inn (the building of a legal society), lawyers' offices, the Royal College of Surgeons and the Soane Museum. At one time conspirators were executed in this square.

P. 123, l. 1. **Restoration**, the re-establishment of the English monarchy after the Commonwealth period by the return of Charles II, 1660.

P. 123, l. 18. **Exclusion Bill**, a bill passed by the Commons, but rejected by the Lords, to exclude James, the Catholic Duke of York, from the throne on the death of his brother, Charles II.

P. 123, l. 29. **Rye House affair**, a plot to murder King Charles II and his brother, the Duke of York. The plot was discovered. Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, two leaders of the Opposition in the reign of Charles II., were executed for an alleged share in the plot. (See note to *Lord Russell*, p. 159.)

P. 124, l. 12 **Revolution**, the movements by which James II. was at last forced to flee from England (1688) and which led to a purer constitutional government under William and Mary (1689).

P. 125, l. 4. **Overbury murder**. (See note to *Carr, Earl of Somerset*, p. 159)

P. 125, l. 30. **La Hogue**, a promontory on the north-west of France. Near this point Edward Russell, nephew of the fourth Earl of Bedford, defeated the French fleet, 1692.

P. 125, l. 34 **Court of St. Germain's**, the French Court, held at this time at St. Germain-en-Laye, a small town near Paris.

P. 126, l. 14. **Prince of Orange**, William II., who married Mary, daughter of Charles I., was known as the Prince of Orange before he and his wife succeeded to the English throne.

P. 126, l. 30. **Olympian dignity**. Jupiter and the other great gods of Grecian mythology were said to dwell on Mount Olympus.

P. 127, l. 12. **Tory**. This word originally denoted an Irish robber or outlaw. It is now used as the name of a great political party in Britain, and in this sense was first applied in reproach to the Court party after the Restoration, 1660.

P. 127, l. 12. **Lord John Russell** (1792-1878) was the third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford. He was a strong advocate of the Repeal of the Test Acts and Repeal of the Corn Laws. He introduced the first great Reform Bill in 1831 and was its chief advocate, until it passed in 1832. Lord John held several offices under Government and was twice Prime Minister. In 1861 he was created Earl Russell.

P. 127, l. 13. **tribune**, a representative of the people in ancient Rome; hence, any champion of the claims of the people.

P. 127, l. 14. **Radical**, an advocate of "radical reform" on progressive lines. (Lat. *radix*, *radicis*, root.) The word began to be used in a political sense early in the nineteenth century and at first much odium was attached to it. It may be now regarded as denoting the advanced section of the Liberal party.

P. 128, l. 10. **French Revolution**, the great movements which began in 1789 brought about the abolition of the monarchy and led to the establishment of a republic. Many abuses were remedied by the revolutionary party, but much violence was used. King Louis XIV. and Queen Marie Antoinette were executed and thousands of royalists were massacred.

P. 128, l. 26 **his statue**. A statue of Earl Russell now stands in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament.

P. 128, l. 28. **Peel**, Sir Robert Peel (1788-1850), a famous English statesman during the first half of the nineteenth century. When the anti-Corn Law agitation first began he was for some time opposed to the movement, but he changed his views and introduced a bill for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, which was passed in 1846.

P. 128, l. 35 **Lord Amberley**. Viscount Amberley (1842-1876) was the son of Lord John Russell. He held advanced views in politics and on religion. His wife was a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley. She died in 1874. A son of this marriage succeeded to his grandfather's title in 1878.

P. 130, l. 11. **Utopias**. The word Utopia means literally "Nowhere" (from the Gk. *ou*, not, and *topos*, a place). In 1516 Sir Thomas More published a romance called *Utopia*, in which he described an island that enjoyed a perfect social and political system. Hence the word has come to mean any place of ideal perfection.

P. 130, l. 15. **the ghostly pageant of the Russells has vanished**. The author means the procession of dead Russells whose deeds he has passed in review.

P. 134, l. 29. **entrée (Fr.)**, a side dish, or a subordinate dish between two main courses.

P. 135, l. 11. **æstas mirabilis (Lat.)**, "marvellous summer".

P. 136, l. 26. **Charles Kingsley** (1819-1875), an English clergyman and author; a great friend of Froude's.

P. 137, l. 25. **Don Quixote**, the hero of an amusing Spanish romance of the same name. Don Quixote is so carried away with tales of chivalry that he equips himself as a knight and sets out with his squire, Sancho Panza, to perform chivalrous deeds. His helmet was a simple morion, or steel-cap, with a visor of pasteboard.

P. 139, l. 17. **battue (Fr.)**, the driving of pheasants or other game to a place where shooting is easy.

P. 139, l. 32 **Astræa**, the name given in classical mythology to the goddess of justice. In the golden age she lived among men, but when violence and misery came she departed to the sky.

P. 140, l. 2. **as extinct as the dodo**. The dodo was a strange bird living in the island of Mauritius when that land was discovered by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. The bird was a clumsy, defenceless creature about as large as a swan. It had a stout, hooked beak, short, strong legs and wings too small for flight. Its almost helpless condition soon led to its extermination; for it became extinct at the end of the seventeenth century.

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